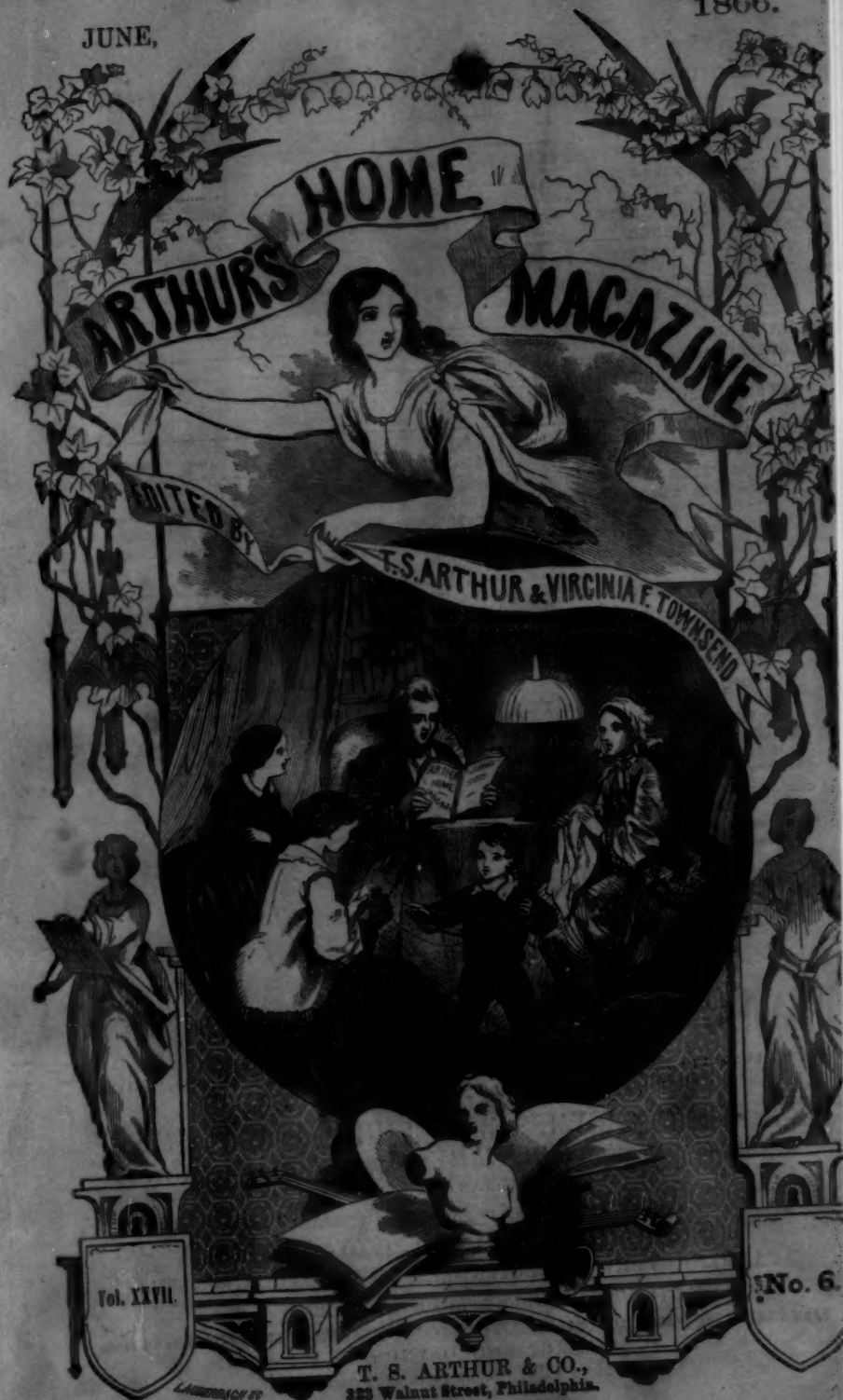


1866.

JUNE,



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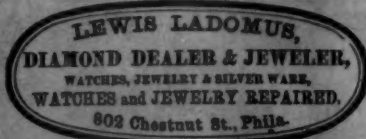
NEW YORK—American News Co., 121 Nassau Street; BOSTON, A. Williams & Co.; CHICAGO, John & Co.; BALTIMORE, H. Taylor & Co.; DETROIT, Mich.; W. E. Tunis; PITTSBURGH, Pa., John H. Miner.

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|---|--|



HAS ON HAND A LARGE AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

## DIAMOND JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS,

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A HAPPY FAMILY.









MORNING DRESS  
Of alpaca or delaine, with silk trimmings.



EMBROIDERY PATTERNS.



MISSES WALKING SUIT.

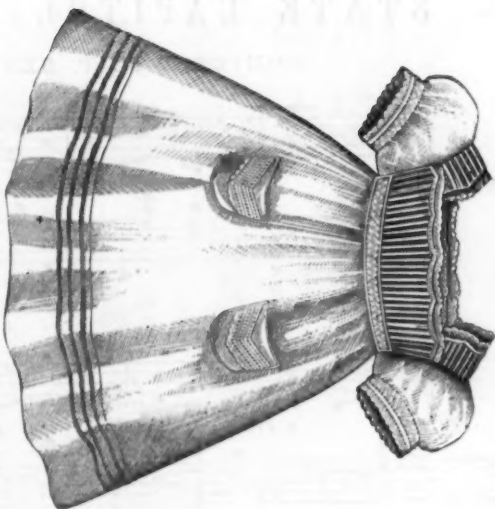
Dress of white *piqué*. Sack of *piqué*, braided with black.



DESIGN FOR BRAIDING.



EMBROIDERY.



Baby's frock of white jaconet. The body, consisting of the front, back, and shoulder pieces, is entirely plaited. It is trimmed round the top with a scalloped and embroidered edging. The short sleeves are formed of one bouillon of the material, trimmed with insertion and the same edging as the top. Two strings are run into the waistband, which is also covered with a strip of insertion, embroidered with small raised dots. There are two small pockets put on outside in front, and trimmed to correspond. The skirt is ornamented with three rows of blue silk braid, which may be replaced by narrow tucks.



THE "TRICORNE" HAT.

"Music selected by J. A. GETZE."

# "STATE CAPITOL MARCH."

COMPOSED BY P. BENTZ.

PIANO.

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

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[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1866, by LEE & WALKER, at the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]



"STATE CAPITOL MARCH."

377





#### THE ITALIAN BODICE.

This Bodice is intended for morning wear, with either a black silk or gray poplin skirt. It is made of blue cashmere, and trimmed with black *soutache*, and either jet or crystal drops and beads. The black *soutache* or silk braid is edged with white. The bodice is lined with sarsenet. A waistband to correspond with the skirt is worn above the basque, and is fastened with a buckle to match the beads. The chemisette is composed of black velvet and Cluny lace.

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1866.

## ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER'S POEMS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"The poetry of earth is never dead; and the wish to give it utterance never dies out of human hearts. Therefore there is a value in weak and crude verses, even when they are the outburst of a genuine enthusiasm. Only a bubble, perhaps, a foam-bell on the great sea of inspiration which surges through this mortal life from the Invisible Beauty, seen for a moment and disappearing forever, yet leaving deathless delight in the spirit that caught its passing gleam.

The newspapers and magazines overflow with verses which nobody reads except indulgent friends and patient editors; and as long as their authors do not consider themselves poets, it is well enough so. Liberty of the press must be preserved for sentiment and fancy, as well as for politics; they who are annoyed need only not read.

As in painting, the taste is educated from daubs up to high art, so in verse, a childish liking for doggerel expands into an appreciation of lyric and epic grandeur. Not that doggerel is poetry, or a daub a work of art. But under each, and out of each may be struggling a spark of the faculty-divine, which it is sin to quench. And there are many writers in our day who would be acknowledged poets if verse writing were not as common as piano playing. Their voices are drowned in the general chorus of rhyme. So, although the prince of modern art-critics declares, as one clothed with authority, that there are no third-class poets, we are not bound to accept his dictums, nor are poets of moderate ability therefore required to hush their minstrelsy forever.

Because of the rare melodies of skylark and nightingale, and the softer enchantment of the wood-thrush's note, shall robins, and sparrows, and bluebirds be doomed to perpetual silence? Nay, we cannot resign even the somewhat monotonous singing of the katydid and the grasshopper; they are good musicians in their way, and especially enjoyable because they come to our thresholds with their cheerful noonday refrains and moonlight serenades, not expecting us to seek them in unknown solitudes.

Among the recent poet-names which cannot be written with Milton or Dante, nor with Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and Browning, but which yet have become a heart and home blessing to thousands, one of the most worthily cherished is that of Adelaide Anne Procter. Alas, that it is written no more among the living! The highest position which she, in her humility, would have claimed for herself, may be given in the words which she puts into the mouth of one of her own heroes:

"Then I strung my rhymes together,  
Only for the poor and low,  
And it pleases me to know it,  
For I love them well indeed,  
They care for my humble verses  
Fitted to their humble need.

"And, it cheers my heart to hear it—  
Where the far-off settlers roam,  
My poor words are sung and cherished  
Just because they speak of Home.  
And the little children sing them;  
(That, I think, has pleased me best:)  
Often, too, the dying love them,  
For they tell of Heaven and rest."

But her poems have a wider reach than this,

They are true to life and love, to the sorrows and the hopes of humanity, and, above all, to its deepest faith; and therefore they must meet with a response everywhere in natures of like sensitive fibre with her own.

Who was Adelaide Procter? For a long time the verse-reading world was charmed by the delightful estrays which floated to us from the British magazines, such as that one so often echoed in households saddened by the coming shadow of death, commencing—

"A little longer yet, a little longer

Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds sing;"

But few knew who the singer was, until a thin volume of her poems, entitled "Legends and Lyrics," was republished in this country, and we heard that she was the daughter of an English poet, well known to fame. A year or two after, a fuller edition followed; and then, in a little while, the sad news came over the water that the gentle, hopeful voice would be heard no more on earth.

So we turn the leaves of her little volume with affectionate reverence now, as we would the treasured mementoes of one who has gone before us into the Spirit Land. For few can read Adelaide Procter's poems without deep interest in herself; they are full of a sorrowful, clinging personality that awakens sympathy, and also of a sublime faith that suggests to the reader a strength not in the gift of human beneficence to be won and shared with her.

Something of the sadness which pervades her poetry must have been native to her, although we are told on good authority that she was not gloomy or despondent, but, on the contrary, habitually cheerful. Yet cheerfulness, playfulness, merriment even, are perfectly consistent with sadness; they are only higher and lower notes of the same tune. Every sensitive, wisely-thoughtful nature has its sunshine and shade. It blossoms in the sun, and for kindness' sake turns its illumined side to the world; but the shadows underneath are no less real to itself. Nor would poetry be a true thing if it did not suggest both. Human life is incomplete without its contrasts of gloom that bring out the light into relief. And when it is said of the poets that they "learn in suffering what they teach in song," it is only asserting that a deep experience is essential to their baptism and consecration. But the wisdom that comes in this way differs by the width of the heavens from that sickly sentimentalism which characterizes the crude efforts of many young rhymers—those pretty affectations of

unfelt griefs—those dreamy and impossible woes into which they delight to plunge themselves. It is not too much to say that no one has a right to make a sorrow visible without showing its radiant contrast, since there is somewhere a gleam for every shadow, a crown for every cross.

It is impossible that some pathetic poems of Adelaide Procter's could have been written without a deep experience of suffering; and it is as impossible that the heights of trust and hope from which she often speaks could have been attained without climbing over cruel obstacles, and leaving many pleasant things behind. For

"As gold is tried by fire,

So a heart must be tried by pain."

But suffering she never speaks of, except to exalt it as an angel, a friend. The philosophy embodied in the lines "Friend Sorrow," is of that deeply spiritual character which alone is of avail in hours of bitter desolation. Familiar it may be, but it will bear many a repetition:

"Do not cheat thy heart, and tell her

'Grief will pass away;

Hope for fairer times in future,

And forget to-day.'

Tell her, if you will, that sorrow

Need not come in vain;

Tell her that the lesson taught her

Far outweighs the pain.

"Cheat her not with the old comfort—

'Soon she will forget;'

Bitter truth, alas! but matters

Rather for regret.

Bid her not 'Seek other pleasures;

Turn to other things;'

Rather nurse her caged sorrow

Till the captive sings.

"Rather bid her go forth bravely,

And the stranger greet,

Not as foes, with spear and buckler,

But as dear friends meet;

Bid her with a strong clasp hold her

By her dusky wings,

Listening for the murmured blessing

Sorrow always brings."

Words of wise tenderness are these. And yet we often close the book with the wish that she had written less of sorrow and more of the good cheer that falls to every lot. That she did not, only indicates that her place is not in the ranks of triumphant genius; her ministry was more home-like and humble. She was to sympathize with trial, rather than to rise in grand unconscionableness of its realities; to breathe soothing and pitiful songs; not to blow a trumpet.

But a thought arises to rebuke this judgment; for where is there a nobler clarion-

blast than sounds in her "Chant" of Life, and Joy, and Pain, and Death? With what braver words can the last foe be welcomed than these?

"Who is the Angel that cometh?

Death!

But do not shudder and do not fear;

Hold your breath,

For a kingly presence is drawing near.

Cold and bright

Is his flashing steel,

Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a starry light

To calm the terror and grief we feel;

He comes to help and to save and heal:

Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,

Sing, while we meet this Angel's sword,—

'Blessed is he that cometh

In the name of the Lord!"

The habit of conveying a lesson in a song would keep Miss Procter outside the charmed circle of the poets in the opinion of some fastidious critics. Perhaps she is often too didactic—perhaps she has sometimes shaped verses which are but truisms fancifully dressed; yet, in doing so, she has high names to bear her company. And a character combining, like hers, the practically earnest with the poetic in sentiment, could but seize upon every means of enforcing a deep-felt moral lesson. And she was doubtless right; for "A verse may find him who a sermon flies." Thus she reproves one for looking upon "The Dark Side:"—

"Thou hast done well, perhaps,

To lift the bright disguise,

And lay the bitter truth

Before our shrinking eyes:

What evil crawls below,

What seems so pure and fair?

Thine eyes are keen and true

To find the serpent there;

And yet—I turn away:

Thy task is not divine,—

The evil angels look

On earth with eyes like thine."

And thus she renders a piece of excellent advice "From Lavater;"—

"Trust him little who doth raise

To one height both great and small,

And sets the sacred crown of praise,

Smiling, on the head of all.

"Trust him less who looks around

To censure all with scornful eyes,

And in everything has found

Something that he dare despise.

"But for one who stands apart,

Stirred by naught that can befall,

With a cold, indifferent heart,—

Trust him least and last of all."

Who objects to direct teaching in poetry when the lesson touches thus the possibility of marrying that beautiful development of Being, which is the grandest of poems?

If it were worth while to seek and show the defects of Miss Procter's verse, it might be

noticed, for one thing, that she scarcely ever writes of external nature. She has walked in the wood, and had a Palace of the past built up for her by a little white violet which she found at the root of a tree; or she has sat upon the hillside spinning a dream out of threads of the blue summer air; or she has listened to the winds and watched the changes of the clouds; but not for love of themselves alone: it is always for some far-off suggestion of fancy that they bring. Her London life will account for this. Like Charles Lamb's, her heart is in the streets, with the human beings that walk there, rather than in the shadows of great forests or the recesses of the mountains. One imagines charming things for her poetry, if she had been brought up in the country; for it was in her to sympathize with every expression of the beautiful in God's world.

Then, too, her best efforts are fragmentary in many instances. "Incompleteness," is a fine specimen of the poetic reveries in which she liked to indulge—vague, exquisite cloud-shadowings of passing thought—the essence of poetry is in them, though not the perfect form, which she seems to have disregarded.

One often wonders, in reading, if she were not entirely without artistic ambition. It appears as if she only wrote from the love of expression, without caring to arrange much the clothing of her thoughts. But it was hardly so, for the longer narrative poems in her second series are far better than those in the first. The "Legend of Provence," especially, shows such progress, is so exquisitely told, we can but believe that she would have become mistress of her art, had years and strength been given her.

For grand flights of imagination we do not look into Adelaide Procter's volumes; but for gentle thoughts, rare and delicate fancies, and a depth of womanly sentiment in these days somewhat uncommon, we shall not seek in vain. When she writes of love, she writes as frankly as upon other themes, while all she says is insphered in a halo of sacred sweetness. With her, the affections are no mere blossoms of earth, but plants of immortal root and fragrance. None of our noble woman-poets have written more earnestly than she, of the devotion, the entire consecration of heart and soul to the beloved, which knows no wavering, though looking forward to all possibilities of trial, which dreads nothing that may lurk in the dim vistas of the farthest Hereafter, because it is sure of itself, of Love, and of God. "A Woman's Question" partially illustrates this. "For the Future" does it more fully:—



"I wonder did you ever count  
The value of one human fate;  
Or sum the infinite amount  
Of one heart's treasures, and the weight  
Of Life's one venture, and the whole concentrate pur-  
pose of a soul.

"And if you ever paused to think  
That all this in your hands I laid  
Without a fear:—did you not shrink  
From such a burden? half afraid,  
Half wishing that you could divide the risk, or cast it  
all aside.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"You well might fear—if Love's sole claim  
Were to be happy: but true Love  
Takes joy as solace, not as aim,  
And looks beyond, and looks above;  
And sometimes through the bitterest strife first learns  
to live her highest life.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"If then your future life should need  
A strength my Love can only gain  
Through suffering, or my heart be freed  
Only by sorrow from some stain,  
Then you shall give, and I will take, this Crown of fire  
for Love's dear sake."

Another poem, "Because," gives the key-note to this beautiful anthem of trust. It is the divine music, after all, wandering out over the harp-strings of humanity, which brings souls into perfect accord with each other. The Sapphics of our poetess have caught that celestial tone:

"It is not because your heart is mine—mine only—  
Mine alone;  
It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,  
For your own;  
Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies  
Spread above you  
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes—  
That I love you!

"It is not because the world's perplexed meaning  
Grows more clear;  
And the Parapets of Heaven, with angels leaning,  
Seem more near;  
Nay, not even because your hand holds heart and life;  
At your will  
Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife  
Calm and still.

"But because this human Love, though true and sweet,  
Yours and mine—  
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,  
More divine;  
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in Heaven,  
Far above you;  
Do I take you as a gift that God has given—  
—And I love you!"

To live and write as Adelaide Procter wrote and lived, is always its own record. There was no jarring between her life and her verse; both blended in one sweet harmony—human, womanly, Christian. Hers was no restless striving after the laurel wreath placed by mortal hands upon mortal brows; a purer crown-

light, a ray from heaven rested upon her forehead as she sang, and hearts too lowly and too timid to approach the great shrines of genius, bless her, and were blessed by the radiance and music she brought to their barren lives. The womanhood in her poetry is of a clear, bright type, and her memory will be bedewed with the gratitude of thousands of women for the sisterly comfort she has unconsciously breathed through so many of her songs. As woman and as poetess, she is one of the dear home-spirits that charm us into forgetting what we merely admire, by growing closely and constantly into our love.

Her strongest characteristics are affectionate sympathy and religious trust. And these are so intertwined that they cannot be separated. Her lightest fancy—her faintest breathing of thought blossoms into aspiration. A strain of music is sometimes her messenger to friends translated into the society of the angels.

The ritual of the Roman Catholic Church naturally wrought upon so much devotional sensitiveness, and while it is impossible to suppress a feeling of regret that she could not find rest in a broader faith, it is yet gratifying to know that there she was at rest. Not in idleness, however, she made it, in many ways, the medium of beneficent effort. One small volume, entitled "A Chaplet of Verses," chiefly interesting to members of her own communion, was published in 1862, "to assist in supporting a Night Refuge for the Homeless Poor."

Faith as deep-rooted as hers, however, belongs to no sect. Her devotional poetry has awakened the widest sympathy. It is almost as if she had been commissioned to go up before her final call, and open the golden doors of heaven, that we might look in and see for ourselves every object to which a pure affection clings, living there in tenfold loveliness. Death is to her but a "beautiful angel," bringing to waiting hearts the key to the house of rest eternal in the heavens. Her friends she is assured are more really hers when passed from sight into what we call the unknown. If any spirit questions the eternity of human friendships—and is that *truly* a friendship which has not something in it of a divinely conservative element?—there are words of hers which echo our Lord's assurance that God is not a God of the dead, but of the living, since all live unto Him. Surely the life hereafter is nothing, if it is not to be the limitless growth of all that is noblest in this humanity by which we are joined to each other and to God!



\*We must not doubt, or fear, or dread, that love for life is only given,  
And that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold in heaven :—  
O, Love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed.

\*Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below,  
The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe,  
Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again.

\*And while the vain weak loves of earth (for such base counterfeits abound)  
Shall perish with what gave them birth—their graves are green and fresh around,  
No funeral song shall need to rise for the true Love that never dies.

\*If in my heart I now could fear that, risen again, we should not know  
What was our Life of Life when here,—the hearts we loved so much below,—  
I would arise this very day and cast so poor a thing away.

\*But Love is no such soulless clod: living, perfected, it shall rise  
Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies:  
And that which makes this life so sweet shall render Heaven's joy complete."

Such songs prove the immortality of the voice that breathed them. Shall we not hear it again among the angels, by-and-by?

The tender, earnest singer, the soul so open to all beautiful influences, yet so eager to renounce self, and give the best of life to daily duties and charities, having remained on earth long enough to show how the general burden can be lightened by even one life of loving sacrifice, has climbed the "misty stair" and passed through the portals of eternal light. But a beckoning of hope is in the song she sends back to us, yet toiling up the pilgrim path.

"Complain not that the way is long,—what road is weary that leads there?  
But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up the misty stair,  
And then with beating heart await the opening of the Golden Gate.

A TREASURE OF A HOUSEMAID.—Master: "Mary, have you seen a letter in a pink envelope that was lying about on the shelf a day or two?" Maid: "Letter in pink envelope, sir? Let me see—was it about Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Johnson a requestin' the pleasure of your company and Missus to dinner next Tuesday week at a quarter to eight?" Master (aghast): "Ye-es, it wa-as!" Maid: "Then it's under the clock, sir."

TWILIGHT.

BY ETHEL ETHERTON.

The vesper queen is coming,  
With her bright and fairy tread,  
Folding the cerulean curtains  
Which at dawn the day-god spread;  
And with her shadowy fingers  
She unfurls the robes of night,  
And fastens them about her  
With the stars so silvery bright.

The hour of twilight's coming,  
Like a sweet and pleasant dream;  
Stealing gently o'er the senses,  
With her ever changing sheen;  
While the outer world enshrouding,  
With the ebon veil of night,  
She pours upon the inner world  
A flood of mystic light.

Backward along life's vista,  
I've been wandering by its gleam;  
Backward I've rowed my tiny boat  
Up Time's swift eddying stream;  
And from its wavy margin  
I have gathered in once more,  
The fairest flowers of childhood,  
The evergreens of yore.

In memory's love-gemmed casket  
Where dropped life's sunny pearls,  
Lies many a diamond tear-drop,  
Many softly tinted curls;  
And kind words fitly spoken,  
And noble deeds well done,  
Nestling in holy purity  
Where I dropped them one by one.

Now the magic touch of Twilight  
Has ope'd the hidden springs,  
And within the soul's sweet sanctum,  
Among the sacred things,  
I feel the shadowy presence  
Of a bright angelic band,  
And inhale the fragrant zephyrs  
Borne from the "Summer Land."

I list to the dream-like voices  
Of those I loved too well;  
And as the twilight deepens—  
Deepens the holy spell;  
But to a world of beauty  
They have passed in bright array;  
We'll tarry but a little while,  
Then meet them by the way.

There, in that land immortal,  
The flowers forever bloom,  
When we have passed Death's portal,  
And triumphed o'er the tomb,  
There the spring-time never fadeth,  
And parting is unknown;  
O 'tis sweet to burst our prison bars,  
And seek the spirit's home.

St. Johns', Mich., March, 1866.

## BECOMING A WRITER.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

It was in the chill November time, the dreary, pitiful birth of winter, when the earth was brown and bleak, without its snow swaddlings and merry bells, that I shall take up the thread of that life I write of.

A girl stood in the kitchen of a farm-house, while a great fire roared in the stove near, and all the strings of drying pumpkins and apples hung basking in the pleasant heat.

A girl in a farm-house; not a heroine, certainly, for she was peeling potatoes. Moreover, the fingers through which the tawny rinds slid, were not slender and delicate. Strong, almost unfeminine hand she had, but there was no lack of refinement in the face. She was not "beautiful," but something nobler. You see girls, half a dozen in a day, with gray eyes and dark hair, of a certain shape of figure; you also see half a dozen glasses on a sideboard, but regard those most which hold the richest, rarest wines. Let people argue it as they will, it is proven the soul is the true body; the outer clay moulds into nobility around it, if the soul be a noble one. This girl had no striking feature, but she was not an ordinary-looking girl; she had powerful and vivid character stamped on her face.

She peeled potatoes with eyes sinking absently, and a little unsatisfied quivering about the mouth.

"Lutie," called a female voice from the adjoining pantry, "you hurry and git them 'ere on a bilin', then come and mould out these biscuits."

Following her orders a minute after, the woman emerged into the kitchen—a small shrewish woman, with sour brows, and she carried a pan of freshly-moulded bread for the oven.

"Now do hurry, and don't *poke* over your work so! There's supper to git, the cows to milk, squashes to stew up for the calves, and land knows what all! You must learn to be sly, or you'll be no help at all! When I was sixteen, nobody ever seed *me* makin' sich slow work!"

All this the woman said, and would have said if her niece's hands had been swift as machinery, just because it was her second-nature to complain, and she went on, whisking and clucking about the room like a busy

hen. If any one had told her she was ever unreasonable and unkind, Mrs. Jenkins would have been indignant, for, indeed, "what would children come to if a body didn't keep her eyes on 'em, and make 'em mind their places?"

"Bless me! if there aint your uncle with the cows! Run right along with the pails, Lutie, and mind you shut the gates for fear the calves'll git out—"

But Lutie cut off her further speech by closing the door, and was, five minutes later, walking under the leaden winter skies towards the barn-yard. She held her shawl very closely around her, and looked up piteously at the ungentle heavens.

Placing her hand on brindle's side, she paused before commencing her work to watch with absent eyes the sunset that ripened afar off against the softening horizon, and utter her thoughts in speech.

"Oh dear, will life be all like this?" grasping with one expression the whole of her past, while her brows puckered in spite of the sunset's brightness. Lucy Grainge's parents were dead. No need of elaborating. Orphanhood and dependence are linked in bitter wedlock. There is nothing like one's *own* sweet home to give charm to that name; and though Lucy Grainge's memory could recall no visions of her early days, she imagined with girlish fervor that it must have been a heaven death robbed her of; for even by grandmother's description of her mother's "aqueamishness" and "queer notions," she knew that sweet lost mother was far superior to practical-minded Aunt Hannah, whose chilly east-wind temperature benumbed her into half-cowardice of that good woman's clock-like face. She was under the old ancestral roof, whose present proprietor was the husband of Aunt Hannah; he had "carried on the farm" long years before grandfather sank to his last rest, since when the trust of ownership devolved on him, as well as the support of feeble old grandmother and little orphaned Lutie. How the child ever gained so sweet a softening of her own plain name I do not know, but it was never Lucy to any but methodical grandmother.

The pails brimmed over with white froth, and she stood chafing her red, cold hands before carrying them dairywards. Her cheeks had

an earnest flush, and her eyes a resolute light, while standing there regarding the distant naked woods as if they could sympathize with her thoughts.

A whistle broke through the air, accompanied by sudden footsteps. Lutie turned quickly, as if wishing for companionship, and smiled her peculiar smile of approval as a tall boy leaped the fence and approached.

"Good evening, Lutie," he said, touching his cap with that politeness which is instinctive in manly natures. "Your uncle at home? Stop; don't try to lift those two heavy pails! Why don't Lee milk? Such a great strong boy to let you do this work!"

"He is always busy with uncle. I guess they are in the barn."

"It's a shame to make girls milk the cows!" taking up a pail in each hand. "Why the weight of these would break your arms!"

"No danger," with a little sarcastic glance at her pink fingers. "I suppose I was made for this work."

"Your hands are well enough, Lutie Grainge!" his swift, reproving glance abashed her; "only I say such work is not for girls. What is on your mind to-night?"

He regarded her with abrupt scrutiny, but she did not shrink, as we would suppose. They were friends; neither a brotherly and sisterly, nor a romantic attachment; friends, because no one else could rightly interpret either; a sort of male and female Damon and Pythias, yet with a great disparity between them, and ideas ranging widely apart. Each was a distinct nature, though each turned for companionship to the other.

He stood with the pails weighting his arms, regarding her keenly. The germ of a man was he, with bold, brave forehead, soft eyes, and firm, sweet mouth, all surged with soul. Such an organization as must live and work with all might for heaven or for darkness.

"Put down those pails a moment, Marion Watson," said the girl, "and I will tell you what I am going to do. I will not grow into such a dead, selfish life as Aunt Hannah's. There's other work in the world besides house-drudgery, and I am not going to live nameless and groveling always; I'll make a name. I intend to be a writer."

He did, indeed, set down the pails, and he looked as if he knew not whether to ridicule or pity. His mouth broke into smiling and light derision.

"The renowned and successful authoress, Miss Lucy Grainge, Esq., (that appendage

belongs to 'strong-minded women') with ink on her fingers and uncombed hair!"

"Laugh, Mr. Marion Watson. One day you will smirk very politely."

"You have been reading novels, or that abominable 'woman's mission' book, that I don't want to remember the name of. This is idle dreaming, Lutie."

"I am going to become a writer," she spoke decidedly.

"No use, then, to call up ghosts of 'declined articles,' 'crowded columns,' 'no time to examine,' and other editorial bugaboos to frighten you."

"No use."

"Then you'll have to experience your own folly. But standing out here in the chill evening air will not make you healthier, or start you in a literary career." He lifted the pails, and they walked silently towards the house.

So this was the girl's ambition. Strength and expression of mind enough had she, quick perception and ready tact. But after all, God means such natures to be secret springs to others, rather than visible working machines. Mighty and still influences are greater than touching, elaborate pen-strokes.

Lucy Grainge was somewhat a dreamer. Her life was not warm as her passionate nature needed. So she supplied in visions the beauty that reality lacked. Household affairs are a tedious tread-mill when one's feet do not pace to love's quick-step. How many women in homes where this music is lacking grow into rebellion against, and disgust of the sphere which God meant us to make copy of heaven.

Alone at night in her chilly room, with chattering teeth, she wrote, erased and remodelled, finishing at last, to self-satisfaction, her first poetical production. It was smooth and correct. But the strength that characterized her in actual life would not flow into this channel. Unhappily, Lucy did not know it.

Circling days brought on the Sabbath, but its holy calm did not cool her feverish desires. Her article had been dispatched to a local paper, and she was waiting in restless suspense for the first omen of success or of failure.

Sabbath was the pleasantest day of the week at the Jenkins farm. The farmer laid off his garb of labor, and in Sunday black, with smooth-shaven chin, sat before the fire reading the Bible, or "Weekly Herald" (as often one as the other, for reading was to him a Sabbath penance, and it made little difference what scourge he used); grandmother, in silk apron and clean white cap, with folded hands, leaned

back in her chair to listen; while Aunt Hannah forbore to talk of work and the thriftlessness of children, but calmly meditated on the same, and laid new plans for the new week. The heir and hope, Mr. Leroy Jenkins, had declined accompanying the family from church that he might accept an invitation to dine with a neighbor, and end the day by calling on the object of his youthful affections. This was a Christian family.

The long, calm day, always before too swift and short, sank into its evening shades with Lutie watching its departure like one who expects the procession of days alone to carry her on to fame.

"Lookin' for some one to-night?" questioned her uncle, playfully, as he noticed her wistfully gazing out of the west window.

Spite of her associations, this girl's sense of propriety and refinement went beyond her years, and this was wounded by the inference.

"I thought," continued the farmer, "mebby neighbor Smith's Joe would be lookin' around. He seems to have took a shine to you, I hear!"

The girl did not answer. She crept away into a cold room, so inwardly disgusted and shocked that she could not define her feelings.

She heard the bustle of an arrival, a summons came for her, and sure enough "neighbor Smith's Joe" sat waiting her appearance. Lutie was a resolute, defiant girl, but bewildered and angry, she suffered the various little manoeuvres that at last left her alone with her visitor, who evidently felt uncomfortable. He was an unpolished, handsome youth, and looked uneasy under the girl's cool indifference.

"Pretty sharp weather, lately," he ventured, drawing nearer the fire. "Seems as if winter was settin' in rather sudden!"

Lutie was rigid. In some moods she would have mischievously ridiculed and escaped him, but now regarding him as having wounded her delicacy and brought her to humiliation, she was unrelenting as fate. "Neighbor Smith's Joe" saw matters must come to a focus immediately, and with a Napoleon like effort, blurted out—

"Lutie, would you be willin' to 'keep company' with me this evening?"

"No, sir!" she rose, haughtily, "whatever you may mean by 'keeping company,' I don't lend myself to such entertainment, especially on Sabbath evening. Of course you are at liberty to visit my uncle's family whenever you please, and also to leave as soon as you are ready!"

There followed search for a hat which the young gentleman had not thought to need so soon when he doffed it, and the hall door closed with much energy; then Lutie Grainge threw herself down before the sitting-room fire, and sobbed till she was hoarse.

"To think of being insulted so!" she muttered, between her gasps, "to have every ignorant fellow placing his eyes on you! And yet am I not like them? What is there in me that claims a better birthright? Why am I placed in this sphere when I do hunger so for a finer one? Even Marion don't comprehend me!" So, feeling more abused than was even necessary, the girl closed the Sabbath night, and rose to a week of hope and suspense concerning her trial-poem, that had gone out like a timid dove amidst the seething literary breakers, to find a place for its tiny foot.

Various were the comments of the Jenkins family at Monday morning's breakfast table regarding Lutie's dismissal of her admirer. Grandmother, by right of years, had the first word, and chuckled, saying, "When she was young, girls didn't send the boys away so; she was afraid Lucy would be a sad jilt." Uncle Jenkins "was in doubt whether she would get a husband, at that rate," and his hopeful son remarked, it was to favor Marion Watson that Joe had been dismissed. Lutie took fire at this, and rated her cousin soundly, assuring him that Marion Watson was too much of a man and too sensible to care for girls, (though in her heart she could not reconcile this with manliness, and she knew he did care for girls with all the reverence of his chivalric nature, but she was quite at a loss to express herself.)

Aunt Hannah cut the debate short, by presenting the ever-ready skeleton of "so much work on hands," and ere long Lutie's indignant tears dripped from her cheeks into the washing-tub.

"They are all coarse, just as coarse as they can be!" she thought in her imperfect heart. "I can't live and feel like they do, and I never can reconcile it to my mind, this clashing of opposite feelings and ideas, in human beings, when neither side is in rebellion against God."

The girl had not learned to draw a dividing line, with accurate and charitable estimation, between the capacities of one mortal and those of another.

Tuesday morning saw her with dinner-basket and books on her way to school, with thoughts very far from "Kirkham's English Grammar," and Davis' Mathematics." Indeed, if you had mentioned these worthy class-books

to her this morning, she would have waived them aside with contempt, for her mind was intent on Fame's lofty pinnacles; what were dry school-books compared to immortal poesy?

"Oh, if it is published!" she repeated to herself, using a verb of the present tense in contemplation of her poem's future; "and what will Marion say? I guess he'll begin to think I'm in earnest."

Quick footsteps beat the crisp road behind her, but instead of waiting for them, she, with a feminine instinct, rather hurried on.

In a few minutes Marion joined her with a roguish "Good morning, Lutie," and the comforting bit of intelligence, "I heard you had a beau last Sunday night."

The girl's eyes filled with fire, but she restrained her wrath.

"Who told you so?"

"Oh, the whole neighborhood. Everybody knows it." If Lutie had looked up, she might have seen him throw a laughing glance over his shoulder to where her Cousin Lee stood whittling at the gate. But the tears of vexation filmed her eyes, and though she strove resolutely against it, slid rapidly over her cheeks.

"To think that *you* should tease me about that great clodhopper!"

"Why, Lutie, I've no doubt he'd be one of your most devoted literary admirers!"

"It is to rid myself of all such coarse associations that I intend to become a writer," she uttered hotly.

"Then you are still determined to be one?" he interrogated carelessly, whittling a hickory stick.

"Yes, sir! and I have already sent a poem off for publication." She had not intended to tell him this, but now resolutely shutting her lips, she thought to herself, "It didn't matter!"

"Indeed! then you're on the highway to renown."

"Oh, Marion!" she lifted her full eyes with pitiful beseeching, "how can you tease me so? Everybody plagues me, and I thought *you'd* be the last one to act so."

"Forgive me, Lutie." He threw his arm around her suddenly, for she stumbled, and that involuntary, tender embrace shook Lutie Grainge with a tremor she never forgot.

"Don't mind my nonsense," he said when she had regained her footing, and was walking independently at the other side of the road. "I didn't think of your caring. But is it really so that you have sent a poem to be published?"

"Yes. And what of it?"

"Nothing. Only I think it's a very foolish step. Even if you succeed, it will not make you any happier. I never will marry a literary woman," he said, meditatively, "no, never!" emphasizing his words by sending the hickory stick bounding against the fence. Woe unto masculine stupidity!

"You may marry whom you please, Marion Watson, and I shall not bother my brains about it, but I said I intended to write, and I will!" so with a defiant face Lutie Grainge marched into the little school-house, and sat down to her books with her mind far away in the realms of air-castles.

Lutie's "Dove" seemed to have been lost. At least there were no tidings of it. She waited weeks, going each day to and from the district school, sometimes accompanied by Marion, whose home was a short distance beyond hers; brooding uneasily over her disappointment, and listening to his sensible arguments against her ambitious schemes with feverish impatience. At last the suspense was ended. The "Dove" had perched on the branch she desired, escaping a nestling place in the editorial chip-basket, and she suddenly found herself in the glories of type. Oh, the first exquisiteness of publishing! What a dignity it gives the words traced by *our* pen, exalting even the tamest sentence. The girl would not have been mortal had she not "crowed" over her friend's vanquished arguments; for was not the first stepping stone reached, was not her name immortal in black, perfect letters beneath those verses in the "Poet's Corner" of the "Herald?" What though the compositor *had* exercised his own taste somewhat, and "blight" was "plight," while "rose" looked like "nose," she was started in her career, her first effort foretold success.

How often young, sanguinal creatures are thus elated at the first glimpse of the candle literary, in which it is the lot of so many ambitious moths to perish! What do they know of the labor of patient gleanings among experiences and characters, which those who walk the literary highway make their work before they can bring any worthy offerings; of the loneliness that many suffer, whose human hearts are prone to long for human tenderness and appreciation? After this, Aunt Hannah's unceasing sermons concerning the hurry of work were a mere exhibition of lip exercise to Lutie. She dreamed, walking, sitting, or sleeping. Uncle Jenkins read her petted poem in the "Herald" and called it "stuff," but this did not shake her opinion of her powers. How



could he appreciate, who never read anything but market prices and politics! And Marion with his keen foresight and manly judgment was taken away from her. The boy went to enter a collegiate course of study. It was a sad thing for Lutie to lose this friend, and she felt that she was parting with him, for his advantages would place him aloof. She thought of this bitterly and with repining against fate; and her good-by was so cold that Marion went away feeling hurt, and forebore writing to her; while she wept secretly, and resolved to accomplish things that would astonish him in the midst of Greek and Latin.

Then Lutie trod the household treadmill, growing more impatient under its drudgery, and still more visionary. She wrote other articles for the local paper, but grew tired of so obscure a field, and conceived the idea of seeking larger publications. So selecting and elaborating her best poems, until—if the truth were confessed—Lutie Grainge thought them faultless, she sent them out to seek their fortune or their fate in the great world's opinions. For a long time she waited in suspense, for editors with a large business do not generally pay prompt attention to obscure lyrics. Her uncle brought her the long anticipated mail, one evening, and fleeing with beating heart to solitude, she opened and read the replies to letters she had addressed these literary authorities.

The first one trembled in her hand, but she read it through.

"We are flooded with the articles of young and inexperienced writers," said the man of letters, "and can only tender our thanks for the pleasure of perusing your article, but we cannot undertake to return it, as it is not our custom to return declined manuscript."

"They cannot all be like this one," thought the girl, taking up another epistle. This we will give verbatim:

"MISS LILY GRAY—(Lutie's incognito) Your manuscript entitled 'Autumnal Thoughts,' is respectfully declined and returned herewith. On account of the great number of MSS. received, it is impossible to assign reasons for our decision. We are, however, obliged to you for favoring us. Your ob'd't serv'ts."

"THE EDITORS."

Now, Lucy Grainge was a resolute and undaunted girl in most things, but the hail-stones fell upon her too fast. Besides she was conscious of being only anxious to achieve honor and praise; from no sense of duty, from no

earnest endeavor to fulfil God's evident wishes, had sprung her conceptions and her efforts. She had written for fame, written with feverish and evil thirsting, and here was her reward. So covering her face with her hands—do not blame her weakness, for the disappointment is bitter to all who have tasted—Lucy Grainge wept madly and passionately.

Sudden resolution nerved her after indulging woman's propensity for a "good cry," and she took up the third letter to peruse. This was a long, kind, expostulatory one from the authoress whose opinion she had solicited concerning an enclosed poem. The poem fell from the envelope as she unfolded the sheet, and read what a great mind thought of it.

"My dear, you are venturing on a thorny path. Had you not better turn back? The literary world is not a sphere all light and perfume and adulation, as those of your age are apt to think. There are deep-thrust criticisms, difficulties, disappointments, and throes of the brain and heart which only the initiated know. A book may be written in tears and blood, and the authoress grow faint under her laurels, while the world praises. Ah, my dear, without the consciousness of making *the good of others your object*, the literary field, even without its pitfalls, would be an unblest, loveless desert. It is the field for great and godly minds, not for praise-seekers and youthful adventurers. Do not think I mean to chide harshly and discourage you, however. It is a question between your conscience and you.

"Your poem is smooth and pretty, but my dear girl, many such are written, and in the great rush and march, overlooked. Do not be too sanguine. Try in all things to fill the place God assigns you in this life, and not all of us find that in the active, open world!"

Lutie thought deeply over this, but did not quite sacrifice her ambitious schemes. A year ran on, and Marion came home to spend his first holidays. The manifest improvement in him put a still higher barrier between them in Lutie's eyes; so there were only a cold interchange of courtesies, a series of stiff meetings, and another chilly good-by. Lutie wept again at the loss of her friend, hardly able to define the feeling of desolation, and very much vexed with herself.

Then there came the only real shade that had ever crossed her life. Lutie was old for her years, a noble looking girl, singularly attractive, and superior to any of her associates, though in her humble life unconscious



of it, only as her thoughts rebelled against theirs. A stranger came to the little neighborhood to spend a quiet summer; a fashionable loiterer with the plea of ill health. Casting around him for something wherewith to amuse himself, his refined sensuality selected her, and he turned his arts to the charming of Lutie Grainge.

By her quiet superiority she had steered clear of all oppressive demonstrations from the young men of her acquaintance, but with her small experience and girlish trust she could not fathom this smooth, elaborate stranger. It was so new and pleasant to hear some one else express her ideas and tastes, to come in contact with a cultivated mind. It was flattering to girlish coquetry that he should make her the recipient of expressive gifts, books and pictures, and follow up their intimacy so persistently. To him it was a summer-day pastime, that might be ended at once, or carried on at pleasure; to the girl it was a new world, rather bewildering, but altogether charming. By artfully learning and sympathizing with her ambition, he gained a place in her confidence, and though she did not link any tender feelings with his name, she still reposed in him a large degree of trust and esteem. He did not fill Marion's place, but it was some one above the level of those about her, and she felt glad of the companionship; besides (must it be confessed?) she thought in her secret heart, "What will Marion say when he hears this man of society is devoting himself to me?"

Uncle Jenkins' family thought it "queer" Lutie would have even that city fellow to beau her around," and often twitted her thereon, but found her nonchalant and immovable.

The motherless, trusting girl came at last to a strange thought of horror. Some little, unwitting word dropped on her mind like an electric spark, and she stood transformed into an accusing Nemesis by the strength and purity of her feeling.

"May God forgive you for your evil thoughts!" she said, in a voice that shook him for years, and sent him out of her presence, shocked at the revelation of himself. So here Lutie Grainge wrote a book on the conscience of one of the world's votaries, that was more prolific of good than would have been a wise volume hurled from the heights of Literary Success.

Then hiding herself alone, the girl sobbed in her degradation of feeling, clinging to the

Mighty Robe whose folds are wrapped by a kindly hand round all God's heart-sick children. It was so strange, so terrible, it shocked her with a sense of the awful sin in the world. And when young innocence wakes up to this realization, it may become enlightend purity, but can never be young innocence again. Thus it was with Lutie Grainge. And feeling her utter helplessness and peril in the vortex of wickedness which the world was suddenly become, she laid strong hold on the Celestial Garment, and pleaded for adoption into Christ's flock. She was revealed in all her ignorance, and weakness, and vain ambition; she saw herself trying to ascend the literary ladder with nothing of value in her hands, while she should be following her living duty.

"What am I?" she thought, "to question God's providence, desiring a larger sphere than the one I inhabit? if He will give me grace to fill well the place I hold it shall be enough. I cannot cope with the wicked world, but will abide under His shelter, and make as many people happy as I can reach with my influence. After all I believe I do not want to write as badly as I want to have others love me!"

Thus revolutionized in feelings and principles, the work of shaping her life after the Great Model began. Her nature's need was filled by making the Infinite an inlet of happiness and those around her an outlet. She saw it was perverseness that held her from adapting self to others, and to complain she was misunderstood. Only those who have turned with deep repentance after long weariness and groping, can feel what a song of praise was the next year of Lutie Grainge's life. Of course she fought many battles with herself, and had much to conquer, but her soul was fully wakened and in earnest.

An unexpected privilege was extended to her. Uncle Jenkins broached the subject one day at the dinner table.

"Your aunt and me has been talkin', Lutie, of giving you a year or two's schooling, if you've a mind to go, seeing you are 'most like our own, and we have only Lee to eddicate. You've always been a pretty good girl, too, particularly since you jined meeting, and your aunt and me feel like doing what's right by you. What have you to say about going to Hayesville this year?"

The orphaned heart poured out her thanks in brief, grateful words, which uncle in his rough kindness silenced.

So Lutie was placed among other young

beings to run the race after knowledge, and analyze the character surrounding her. What wide views were gradually opened before the girl! What knowledge of human nature; and what new thoughts from contact with the great minds that have crystallized their jewels in books. How self shrank to insignificance when she found all around her, girls with intellects equal to hers, preparing themselves conscientiously for that simple home work which blesses or frets every woman's existence.

But we pass over her college days; suffice it that she went home each vacation ready for invigorating duties, and full of loving solicitude concerning Aunt Hannah and her cares. No longer were they mean and narrow in her eyes; for every woman can make her hearthstone a beacon fire to many hearts far out in the dark, while its warmth fills her own household with gladness. Marion Watson met her at home during vacations. They were both changed from the boy and girl who parted in the low school-house. Lutie was obedient, softened, and cultured. Marion brought home a flippancy that surprised his friends. The girl was sad with a heavy pain when she saw this, and, with different motives than before, avoided him. Life had grown to be an earnest pilgrimage to her, while Marion was reaching after Earth's Sodom apples.

Among their many meetings there was only one whose remembrance she was glad to carry back to school. He had been spending the summer afternoon at her uncle's, and by some chance they were left together on the veranda for awhile. Marion commenced in his old light, railing style:

"Where is our authoress that was to be, Miss Lutie? Time you were displaying your laurels! I suppose you are still intent on scaling the literary heights?"

Her lips parted with a little laugh that sobered suddenly.

"No, I do not find it either in my duty or capacity to write. Besides, I have hopes for other laurels than those you speak of, now."

"How sanctimonious she is," thought Marion secretly.

"So in spite of your former aspirations and efforts the world will never be edified with a book from your hand?"

"Because, Marion," she laid aside her work, and met him with simple, truthful eyes, "I want to live out a greater book for God to read, to whose finis He shall point, saying, 'she did what she could.' Our lives are His books and how carefully we ought to write

them! One ray of approval from God is better than the smiles of the whole world."

She spoke with simple eloquence, and more by her expression than otherwise. Little shafts they were, and girlish the hands that sent them, but her witness carried those words with him to the halls of learning and the places of temptation.

The next autumn they met again at home. Marion brought his degree, and Lutie had finished her two years at school to bring her sheaves of gladness and knowledge home. The mellow radiance of the year seemed garnered up in her full heart, for it was overflowing with thank-offering. Unconscious that she held the key of love to other hearts, she rejoiced to find their kindness descending on her. And Marion's eye had caught an earnest light, which she saw with trembling gladness when they met.

It was long before she knew his plans for the future, but one evening when he accompanied her home from worship in the chapel among the trees, he unfolded them after this wise:

"Lutie," as he drew her hand closer, "I am going away to-morrow to enter a Theological Seminary, and fit myself for the ministry."

"Oh, Marion!" with quick joyfulness, "what has moved you to this decision?"

"What you said about writing our life-books. It followed me everywhere, I could not get rid of it. And I hope I have your faith, now, Lutie. So I intend to dedicate my work to the Great Critic."

There was a long silence, during which they passed under the home-orchard boughs, and into the shaded veranda. And what compact these two mortals made in the solemn presence of the angels, they know. There was only the low voice of Lutie Grainge to bear witness, as she uttered with a woman's joy in being cherished, "I will, Marion."

*Translated from the French.*

Let us give thanks with joyful soul  
To Him who sendeth all;  
To Him who bids the planets roll,  
And sees a sparrow fall.

Though grief and fears may dim our joys,  
And cares and strife arrest;  
'Tis man too often that alloys  
The lot his Maker blest.

While sunshine fills the boundless sky,  
And beauty cheers the sod;  
While stars and rainbows live on high,  
Let us give thanks to God.

## A WEEK AT THE BEACH IN WINTER.

BY C. P. O.

It is not a common thing for us to spend the holidays by the sea side, and yet last Christmas and New Year's spent on the sea shore left many pleasing recollections and vivid contrasts. Even were not the aspect of the ocean and beach at all changed, the fact that you are looking at it when most of its observers of the summer are finding amusement elsewhere, when the sun himself has departed from these more northern latitudes, makes the contrast of the scene striking and marked. If you take a morning walk to the beach, the entire absence of the sailor's staccato cloud, which on summer mornings moves out over the water as regularly as the school-bell, combines to vary and, to most persons, to lessen the charms of the beach picture. Just as one seems to get the full inspiration of being in the presence of the vast deep, that mighty wonder of the Creator, a chill from some snow drift makes itself felt and mars the enjoyment of the scene. The illustration of Mr. and Mrs. Lammle on the sea shore, in the late work of Dickens, must have had for its time—winter. For the summer's clouds, air and earth are quite in contrast with matrimonial infelicity. The beach in summer, of all watering places, is especially associated with the swearing, not the forswearing, of lovers.

But despite the chilly surroundings, the ocean, waves and surf, are all there in their sublimity and grandeur. We have paid them a daily holiday visit and, aside from the pleasures of the moment, we doubt not our winter vacation on the beach will invigorate many a subsequent hour, refreshing the mind in the heat of thought and work. If the rawness of the air or the smoke of the farmer's chimney reminds us that it is more befitting to sit by the fireside than to go out of doors, we walk down to the very edge of the playing wave and looking into the rolling breakers exclude the outside world from sight. Then as we watch the constant heaving of these lungs of the Atlantic, listen to the stimulating almost deafening roar of waves, there is too much life and motion to allow us to feel that we are studying and enjoying the Atlantic in winter. The same ocean, exhibiting the same phenomena, is still there. The summer's sun, with its good cheer, has gone, yet the enno-

bling and attractive qualities of the ocean still impress and delight us. A true lover of nature, and of this one of her grandest phenomena, can but be delighted with the Atlantic in winter. How would a Thoreau have derived pleasure and food for reflection from the picture.

How appropriate is it that we should speak of the "face" of the ocean. The water imparts a charm and presence, such as one person of superior gifts imparts to those about him. It withdraws the attention from surrounding objects. The fact that notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances of winter, the ocean still commands our study and interest, leads us to inquire what are some of the sources of the power of the ocean as displayed in the attractions of the sea shore.

If all men do not like to work themselves, all like to feel that work is going on around them. The school-boy responds more cheerfully to the call of his nine o'clock bell, if the busy hum of a factory attends him on his way. The old gentleman, retired from the active scenes of life, likes to witness active business, and reads his "Daily," which daguerreotypes a busy world. So we like to see, feel, hear and be instructed by the ocean, so suggestive of life, activity and work. An idle scholar likes a busy school-room. So the idler and unthinking may for like reason find attraction in the unceasing working of the foaming surges on the sands of the beach.

Akin to this impression of work, which the ocean imparts, is that feeling of animation which it communicates to all the senses. The active, warring surf energizes one, like rousing words from a fervent speaker. If at this season of the year we cannot revivify the system outwardly by giving it a shock from a wave of Neptune's great battery, the shock may be received internally from the roar that bounds in at the ear, the strong, bracing air, which strikes the lungs like a sea-weed tonic, the rollicking play of the surf which imparts delight to the eye, the cleanliness which everywhere appears, pleases us also. As the tide is out, the sun varnishes the clean sand of the beach, while the sweet breath of the ocean more than compensates for any impurities which the receding wave may have left.

The associations which the view on the sea shore and out upon the ocean suggest are almost as numerous as the waves which come rolling in. Before the present race of white men, the waves rolled and roared to delight a race of red men, now nearly extinct. The Indian came and pitched his tent by the beach, caught his fish, and enjoyed more than many of his successors in the presence of the Great Waters. He looked out upon the main and thought he was looking into eternity. The sea shore brings vividly to our mind the discovery and foundation of this nation, while it reminds us of that race which passed away in order to give place to it. So, too, how vividly is it associated with the scenes which gave a second birth to the Republic. The same ocean bore Dupont around in his circular combat at Port Royal, emblematic of the diadem of honor his countrymen will confer upon him therefor.

At this moment how many souls are exposed upon the surface of the deep. Add to this number those whose thoughts are fixed upon friends upon the ocean, and great indeed is the number whose deep attention the ocean attracts at this moment.

A glance out upon the high sea from the beach brings them all home to the mind. Such are some of the causes why we are so impressed at sight of the ocean, as viewed from the observatory of the beach. It never tires. You visit it one day and its variety compels you to pay it the respect of a visit every day. Each new visit adds to the lessons and impressions it gives you. We are permitted to discover but in part why its influence upon us is so great. We must confess that we see as through a glass "darkly" this great piece of God's handiwork, the name of whose Creator is a sufficient explanation of the fact that we are deeply impressed and wonderfully charmed by it. We have spent many summer weeks at Rye-Beach, New Hampshire, but this one in winter is second to none of them.

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Christian character is not an act, but a process; not a sudden creation, but a development. It grows and bears fruit like a tree, and like a tree it requires patient care and unwearied cultivation.

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Lunch, what is it? A gross insult to your breakfast, and a vile libel upon your anticipated dinner.

### THE PUNCH DINNERS.

Americans have often wondered at the success of the celebrated comic English newspaper *Punch*. While our "Vanity Fairs," and other similar undertakings have after a few months degenerated into trash—or subsided entirely, this has steadily maintained its ground with the English people for years, and is ever popular, while its witticisms on public affairs are widely celebrated and have often passed into proverbs. The North British Review writing of this journal says, it doubtless owes much of its success to its weekly dinners, which it describes thus:

"At the weekly dinner, the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* are discussed. When the cloth is removed, and dessert laid upon the table, the first question put by the editor is, 'What shall the cartoon be?' During the lifetimes of Jerrold and Thackeray, the discussions after dinner ran very high, owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two. Jerrold, being the oldest as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. In these rows it required all the suavity of Mark Lemon (and he has a great deal of that quality) to calm the storm—his award always being final. On the Thursday morning following the editor calls at the houses of the artists to see what is being done. On Friday night all copy is delivered and put into type, and at two o'clock on Saturday proofs are revised, the forms are made up, and with the last movement of the engine the whole of the type is placed under the press, which cannot be moved until the Monday morning, when the steam is again up. This precaution is taken to prevent waggish tricks on the part of practical-joking compositors. At these dinners none but those connected with the staff proper are permitted to attend; the only occasional exceptions, we believe, have been Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Layard, the present Foreign Under-Secretary, Charles Dickens, and Charles Dickens, jun. As an illustration of the benefit arising from these meetings, we may mention that Jerrold always used to say, 'It is no use any of us quarrelling, because next Wednesday must come round with its dinner, when we shall all have to shake hands again.' By means of these meetings, the discussions arising on all questions help both caricaturist and wit to take a broad view of things, as well as enable the editor to get his team to draw well together, and give a uniformity of tone to all the contributions.

## TWO DAYS' JOURNEYINGS.

BY ELLEN E. M'INTYRE.

Day number one was one of December's jewels—overhead a clear blue sky, underfoot a well beaten, frozen track. The storm king is lenient with me always, and smiles upon my adventures. But leaving home, and I was leaving it, is dispiriting. Tears will rise to hide the dear home faces ere I turn from them, parting words fall on my ear, a final benediction. I was going on what should be to one of my age and inclinations a pleasurable jaunt, was to have a change of place and pursuit that I should and had looked forward to as most desirable. Notwithstanding that, the first miles of the journey were passed over with disquieting reflections and gloomy forebodings. But whirled rapidly along the smooth road, in an open carriage, with spirited horses, taking in invigorating draughts of the cold fresh air, gazing upon pleasant rural scenes, sad thoughts were soon dispelled, and hope bade me look forward to a pleasant absence from and a happy reunion with those I had left.

Arrived at the depot in a bustling little town, I found that after my escort had given me my checks and left—for I was to go the remainder of the way alone—that, owing to the odious virtue country people have of being in good time, I had a long hour to wait. The usual throng of travellers, and the rather more than usual scent of onions and tobacco perfumery of some emigrants, made the waiting-room undesirable. I would not stand still on the platform, and was not dressed for a stroll in town and the incurred risk of meeting acquaintances.

The night before, my mother had, with the loving care shown me from my earliest recollection, packed my trunks, leaving out my warmest apparel to insure against the discomfort of a cold ride. I did not rebel against the Bay State shawl, the warm hood and clumsy gloves, for I knew insubordination would wound her, and my heart was too sore at the thought of parting to show it. But now I reasoned the cold morning ride was achieved, and there could be no harm in donning something lighter and more becoming. So I had my trunk carried over to the hotel opposite, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing, with the aid of a large mirror, how becoming attire can change a very ordinary person into if not

a handsome a "quite pretty" or "stylish" one. A new cloak of graceful amplitude superseded the warm but unbecoming shawl, kid gloves the clumsy soft-lined ones, and the comfortable hood, the most offending article, gave place to a new "Broadway bonnet," a marvel of beauty and tasteful decoration, and, having just come in vogue, was likely on that account to attract some attention. Its warm tints so brightened up a face too pale to be pretty, that I was encouraged to persevere in the effort to enhance my few charms, and so brought forward the curls a dear sister was wont to twine on her soft white fingers and push back "because curls on the cheek gave one such a vain look."

These important alterations being attended to, I joined the waiting crowd at the depot. Here I found many opportunities for kindly attentions and small courtesies which my half hour at self-decorating had unfitted me to render. A tired mother, with an infant that a night's travel had made fretful, sat near, seemingly quite exhausted with her efforts at soothing and amusing it. To take the little one from her tired arms was the first impulse, but the little candy eater was too sticky for contact with my fresh bonnet strings, which it was sure to grasp. I must have laid my warm heart away in the folds of my old shawl, for I did not relieve her of the sweet little burden. Then an old lady besieged me with what in my present state of high-mindedness I chose to consider troublesome garrulity. Instead of trying to calm her fears with regard to the dangers of riding on the "kears," I gave curt responses, and when I could not prevail on her to get a heavy satchel checked, I did not offer to carry it, my hands being too delicately encased to come in contact with anything less smooth than my pretty travelling-basket, and so consoled myself, or tried to, with the thought that some gentleman would take it for her. It was *not* a gentleman, though his prepossessing appearance and faultless attire made me then ignore the fact that he had let the weary woman and her babe, the aged one with her bundles, file past him, to be helped by kinder hands in rougher garb, and then advanced one of his well-gloved members to take my basket, and the other to assist me into the car. It was crowded, and I



should have been obliged to stand if my escort had not looked a timid man out of his seat and bowed me into the vacated place. Then he stood near in easy, graceful posture, like a travelled gentleman, well versed in the ways of the world. I was quite sure he had enjoyed the advantages of wealth and position. It did not occur to me when glancing in the mirror above at my improved self to wonder if he would be able to identify me with the Betsey who had sallied out the eve before to milk old brindle, and had used a voice not remarkably sweet, and a hand neither soft or white, to administer punishment for that uninteresting demonstration in a cow "turning pail." It was not likely he would think there was any connection between my millinery bill and the price of butter and eggs; and I did not think I might be as much at fault in my estimate of him.

At the next station, my seat-mate and her companion, who had resigned his seat to me, left the cars, and there was room for my gallant fellow-passenger beside me. He mingled an air of dignity and reserve in his attentions that impressed me favorably at first. We became more friendly as the day progressed, and considerable conversation passed between us, mere chit-chat, not sounding the depths of any subject. I was rather piqued at this, for he seemed so apt at the play of words, I held him capable of something more earnest, and supposed him acting on the principle, "milk for babes," and would liked to have been served with the strong meat, just for the compliment's sake if nothing more.

It was just after the election of our noble Lincoln, and dark rumors of assassination and disunion roused righteous indignation in all loyal hearts. All other subjects of thought and conversation seemed irrelevant at this trying time. I excused this seeming lack of interest in the public weal, as it might come from an unwillingness to inflict upon me what silly girls affect dislike for and ignorance of—political affairs. So, when approaching my journey's end, he proposed an exchange of cards, to make more permanent the remembrance of a pleasant ride, and perhaps add probability to the possibility of our meeting again. I accepted his with the peculiar name inscribed, S. Walburn Keyes, an address I could not help thinking might or might not be his. Having no card with me, I took one he offered, and traced upon it, B. Essie Tabor—an innovation upon the harsh Betsey, and smoother Bessie, variations of a name my grandmother had honored, the ex-

treme plainness of which had never struck me before. Soon after, my destination being reached, we made our adieux and parted.

My stay at that place was a pleasant one among estimable people; their society was profitable as well as pleasing. Our pleasures were rational and did not cloy.

Two months had passed, and I felt no unconquerable longings for home, when a letter from my sister curtailed my enjoyment there. She wrote—"Mother is sick; we apprehend no danger; still I thought best to write you, as you might wish to come home. There are so many cases of diphtheria, I feel anxious when we are separated."

No more urgent summons was needed; the next train bore me homeward. The particular attention paid to my toilet was to wrap up well to the throat in a heavy shawl. How we all dreaded diphtheria in its first stealthy, unconquerable march upon us. My plain attire and anxious face were probably not a passport to favor, for there was no Walburn Keyes to assist me. Just in advance of me, near the steps of the car, a poor woman was trying to adjust a package so as to lead two little ones who were clinging to her skirts. A gentleman stepped forward, took a child on each arm, and thus, grotesquely loaded, led the way into the car, I lost sight of them, but was thinking of the kind act, when I heard my name uttered in familiar tones, and, turning, met the gaze of an old schoolmate, who never bore a more dignified cognomen among the school-girls than Willie. After a cordial exchange of greetings, and many rapid inquiries, he said he had seen and recognized me from the car window as the train stopped, and stepping out to meet me had stumbled on some small fry, which he was obliged to put in a place of greater safety. He had recognized their claim upon him as paramount, for he remembered my agility in climbing rocks in the old school days when we took botanical excursions in company. This remark led to reminiscences of lang syne, where there was much to dwell upon. It was pleasant to talk of the old scenes, the companions of our school days, and to note the changes. What a skilful analyst of character he was; not like a surgeon probing for the unsound and offensive, but like a miner delving into the barren field and tossing up bright treasures. He showed his own fine nature that day in discussing others. Then he talked of our national troubles feelingly and sensibly, uttering no senseless tirade, no harsh invective. I questioned him, and he

answered for my instruction, not seemingly to ventilate his own knowledge. He seemed not at all surprised if I expressed an opinion—did not look as if a monkey had spoken, or glide off on to women's rights.

Some finely dressed ladies before us attracted the attention of all beholders by their charming affectations. They wore ringlets, a great many of them, almost concealing their features. As I looked at them my face glowed at the thought of the girlish vanity I had displayed three months before.

"Do you know, Bessie," Willie asked, as his eye followed mine, "that I had once an antipathy to curls, and that you have the honor of changing my dislike to admiration?"

"It was an unconscious victory," I answered, "tell me how it was done."

"Why I always considered them an index to the sort of character we see before us, light and frothy; but when I saw yours pushed back from your face, and that you did not look cross-eyed to refresh your vanity with a glimpse of them, or keep them in perpetual motion bobbing around after imaginary spiders, I began to notice how beautiful your hair was, and what a wise head it must be that carried its burden of beauty so unconsciously."

The praise was sweet, for it came honestly from one I esteemed; it was bitter, too, as unmerited reward to a child who has covertly read its lessons. I soothed the pain with the resolve, "I will try to be what he thinks me."

After leaving the cars, I hired a carriage and was soon at home. It was my happiness to find my mother convalescing, and the others well. I soon took up the old routine of duties, but not exactly with the same spirit I laid them down, they seemed common-place and uninteresting. Perhaps it was the spirit of the times as well as the taste of excitement I had had that made them seem so little worth the doing. The war-cry was raised and men hurried to battle. They went thrilled with music, and strong in their purpose to conquer. It was hard to go our old ways in such stirring times. Sometimes I thought of the companions of my railroad jaunt; they would both go. S. Walburn Keyes would be an officer, I thought; he would wear a uniform proudly. Willie would have no ambition to gratify; if need be he could do his duty as a common soldier. I fancied I saw him fierce and unrelentless in the fray, and then, for humanity's sake, binding up the wounds justice

had made. Wherever his work might be I should be proud of my friend.

One sultry summer morn, I had been dallying over my work, and was yet in morning dress, when my mother's voice summoned me below stairs. A voice that had something familiar in its tones arrested my attention as I went down. The speaker was enumerating with amusing volubility the numerous valuables contained in a twenty-five cent stationery package. Stepping out I confronted my imaginary colonel. I do not think he recognized me at first. I wanted to patronize him as a sort of recompense for the attention once shown me, but an unresisted demand upon my purse the day before, made by a poem in gilt and blue, had taken my last quarter. Fortunately he carried ink, and a forlorn ten cent piece purchased a bottle. I watched him out of sight with a sigh. It was not pleasant to have my hero turned to a pack pedler. In arranging a light stand on which he had displayed his wares, I found he had left one of his packages. Opening it I found the jewelry prize, a ring—a pretty sham, and a good reminder of that imitation of gentlemanhood, S. W. Keyes. I have another ring now, unadorned by gem or fanciful device; it is plain, pure gold, fit emblem of the giver. For it I gave a curl of dark hair, which may have been wet with Willie's ebbing blood, and a promise which can never be fulfilled. Willie! 'tis a beautiful name, I hear it often in cheerful, loving tones, but if there is aught of music or tenderness in its tones it is not for the living—only a hushed wail for the silent sleeper.

#### MUSIC.

Music has ever been regarded as a *great and innocent amusement*. It is such to those who listen, but still more to those who participate intelligently and correctly in the song. It not only affords relaxation for the weary mind but likewise relief for the burdened spirit. It reassures the desponding, elevates the downcast, cheers the drooping. It acts like an angel of mercy to the mourner. The heart that is almost broken with sorrow is comforted as it listens to the sweet and plaintive melody; and if the voice can be controlled so as to join in the strain, how great and indescribable is the relief! The gentle Kirke White well said:

"Oh, surely melody from heaven was sent  
To cheer the soul, when tired of human strife;  
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,  
And soften down the rugged road of life."

## THE WRECKED HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded.)

### CHAPTER X

Acting on the suggestion of Mr. Dalton, Doctor Marvin associated with himself, in the case of Phebe Baldwin, one of the most eminent physicians in the city. They visited her together, for the first time, on the day succeeding that on which the doctor and Mr. Dalton held the interview already described. The changed aspect of the parlor, which we have noticed as having taken Mary Baldwin by surprise, arrested the attention of Doctor Marvin, on entering the house with his associate. He understood its meaning, and felt a glow of pleasure. That the change was but just effected, he understood by the wagons which drove from the door as he came up in his carriage.

"How is Phebe to-day?" asked the Doctor, as Mrs. Baldwin came into the parlor.

"I see no change for the better," was the mother's calm, but serious reply.

"Doctor P——," said Doctor Marvin, presenting his consulting associate. "I have asked him to visit your daughter with me for a few times."

Mrs. Baldwin acknowledged the introduction courteously, and then left the room for a few minutes, to prepare Phebe to meet them. Returning, she conducted the two physicians to the apartment where her sick child lay, propped up in bed with pillows. There had been considerable change since the doctor's previous visit. The face showed more exhaustion, and the lividness of her lips and countenance indicated progress in the disease. Her hand lay over her heart, and strongly pressed against it; and there were signs of suffering, though not of a complaining spirit. Doctor Marvin smiled in his cheerful way as he entered the room, and on presenting Doctor P——, said:

"You know, dear, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; and so Doctor P—— has come, at my desire, to see if we cannot, together, find the way to help you out of this trouble."

A grave, quiet smile played over the lips of Phebe, and shone from her large bright eyes.

"I'm afraid it's past help, doctor," she answered, speaking calmly. And the two phy-

sicians noticed that her hand bore down more heavily upon her heart.

Doctor P—— took one of her wrists between his fingers, and held it, noting the condition of her pulse. It was feeble and very irregular, both as to the time and force of the stroke.

"Can you feel your heart beat?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir—all the while," she answered.

Doctor P—— then bent down his ear; it was too practised not to recognize, in the rushing, bellows sound that came distinctly, indications of organic trouble of the most serious character.

"Do you sit up, or walk about the room?" he asked.

"Not now; it makes my heart beat so strangely."

"When were you up last?"

"Three days ago, wasn't it?" And Phebe glanced towards her mother.

"Yes, dear." There was a quiver in the mother's voice.

Doctor P—— again took the wrist of Phebe, and sat, with eyes cast down, noting every throb and low flutter, and intermission. Suddenly it ceased. He waited for several moments, with suspended breath, and then looked up quickly at her face. It was still and deathly—the long sweep of her lashes lying dark on her ashen cheek. Mrs. Baldwin, whose eyes were also on the face of Phebe, saw the change, and was about starting forward, with a cry of anguish, when a sudden play of muscles was seen, a movement of the lips, a quiver of the lashes; and the heart telegraphed its reviving motion to the wrist, on which lay the fingers of Doctor P——. Very still all remained, fearing lest word or movement should throw back the returning life forces, and suspend forever their mortal action.

Low and feeble as the pulse of a babe was that of Phebe, as she lay with shut eyes and deathly face in that silent chamber, where breaths were held in painful suspense. Nearly ten minutes passed, none speaking or moving. So close was the ear of Doctor P—— to the side of Phebe, and so still the air, that the heart's labor, as it struggled with the inflowing and outflowing blood, was distinctly heard.

Suddenly, upon this deep hush, stole the low sound of music—music familiar to Phebe as the voice of her mother—music which had failed in her ears for days and weeks, though longed for with a kind of hopeless heart-sickness.

A smile softened on her lips, and went as a faint radiance over her warm face. Then the lashes quivered and lifted themselves, until her tender eyes were seen, full of a new-born delight.

"Oh, mother!" It had seemed to her as if she were coming out of a sweet dream; but the music still floated in the air around her, and she comprehended the fact that she was awake and the music real.

At the same moment, Doctor P—— noticed an even beat of the pulse. It had been irregular, throbbing and intermittent, but gradually began taking on a better adjustment. The music continued. Her lashes fell again, but the smile grew warmer on her lips. Now the music ceased, and, with its cessation, the doctor observed a change in the heart's motion. There was renewed disturbance, and in the hush that followed, he waited, in deep suspense for what next might come. The life of Phebe was hanging upon a thread, stretched to its utmost tension. The slightest jar or strain would snap it asunder. Not so strongly defined as a little while before, were the heart's irregularities; and beyond the first disturbance, there was no sensible increase.

Upon the intense silence, crept in again, in low, tender throbbings of melody, the music which had died a little while before.

"Is it Mary?" Phebe looked towards her mother.

"Yes, dear."

The lashes drooped softly again, and the smiles came in sunnier ripples to her mouth. Doctor P—— felt the pulse grow calmer and even; and, as he watched her countenance, perceived the livid hue beneath her eyes and upon her lips giving way to fleshier tints.

"You love music?" he said, venturing, half in doubt and half in hope, the query.

"Yes; it is very sweet—very sweet."

Three or four minutes passed, and the music flowed on, now in soft, tender movements, and now in rich swells of harmony. Phebe's eyes were turned upon her mother. Mrs. Baldwin saw questions in them, and bent down her ear.

"Is it Mary's own piano?"

"Yes, dear."

"How did she get it? When did it come?"

Doctor P—— threw an anxious and warn-

ing glance towards Doctor Marvin. There was heart disturbance again. Moving from the bed, he permitted Doctor Marvin to take his place, who, leaning close to Phebe, whispered, for he had heard her question—

"There was a mistake, and it has been corrected, my dear. The men who took away your sister's instrument, acted without authority from the person they represented. That fact came to his knowledge only yesterday, and he has restored everything. And now lie very still. I think you are better. How is it here?" And the doctor placed his hand over her heart.

"It's easier. I can hardly feel it beat."

Doctor Marvin laid his ear down close to her side. The rush and murmur of blood, struggling through the valves, so painfully distinct a little while before, was now scarcely heard. The eyes of the sick girl had closed again, and as she lay in a sweet peace, under the enchantment of music, the physicians withdrew.

"Play on, my child," said Doctor Marvin, leading Mary back to the instrument, from which she had arisen on hearing footsteps in the passage. He saw that her eyes were wet, and understood the cause. "Play on, for Phebe's sake. This medicine of sweet sounds has already gone deeper than our poor remedies had power to reach. She is better. I will see her again to-day."

The physicians retired; and Mary, with eyes blinded by a new gush of tears, and only in part comprehending the hurried sentences of Doctor Marvin, went back to the piano, and struck the keys again, playing now such airs and passages as she knew were favorites of her sister. For nearly twenty minutes she continued playing, in obedience to the doctor's injunction, her mind strangely impressed by the music and the mystery of what was around her, when she started as a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning, looked into her mother's face.

"She is asleep," said Mrs. Baldwin.

"Phebe?"

"Yes. This music has calmed her pulse, and changed, as if by magic, all for the better."

"What does this mean?" said Mary, glancing around the parlor.

"I cannot say, my child. It is less than an hour since two men came with wagons, and brought all these things. They answered no questions, simply saying that their orders were to leave the goods. Doctor Marvin, I think, knows something as to its meaning; for, to

Phebe's questions, he answered that there had been a mistake—that the men who took away your instrument did so without full authority. Oh, if you could have seen the sweet surprise in Phebe's countenance when the first notes fell on her ears! New life seemed, in that instant, to be born."

Mary laid her face against her mother's bosom, and wept.

"Our Father is still in heaven," she murmured. "It was very dark a little while ago; but light has come down suddenly."

"Let us be thankful," said Mrs. Baldwin, "even for painful trial. It is in trial and temptation that a higher life is born. We come up from sorrow and suffering, stronger and with a clearer sight than when our feet went shivering down amid the icy waters."

"And Phebe is better?" Mary lifted her face.

"Better for the moment. There was a change coincident with the first chords of music that broke upon the air, and all her worst symptoms went on abating rapidly. Doctor P—— had come with Doctor Marvin, and both were surprised. I feel strangely. God grant that the hope of this hour be not in vain."

#### CHAPTER XI.

"You find Kate better to-day?" said Mr. Dalton, Meeting Dr. Marvin in the hall, as he came down from his daughter's chamber.

"Oh, yes; she is improving rapidly."

"Thank God for it!" answered the father, with considerable feeling. "I have been very anxious about her. And next, how is Miss Baldwin?"

"I took Dr. P—— with me, in consultation, this morning."

"Oh, did you? Well, what does he think of the case?"

"It lies all in doubt, sir—a feather may turn the scale."

A painful expression went over the face of Mr. Dalton.

"As I drove up to the door with Dr. P——, I saw the men who had been commissioned to replace Mr. Baldwin's furniture leave the house with their empty wagons."

"It was the least I could do in the way of repairing a great wrong," said Mr. Dalton.

"We found the sick girl feebler and suffering more than when I saw her yesterday. The action of her heart was so much disturbed that I felt strong apprehensions of a speedy fatal result. I watched Dr. P——'s face closely

as he held her pulse and bent his ear to the sound of her throbbing heart, and I read in it no hope. All at once there came a soft, sweet air from the just restored instrument. Mary had been out, and returning that moment, sat down in glad surprise, and ran her fingers over the keys. That was the medicine, Mr. Dalton. It wrought like a charm. The struggling heart grew calm at once, and beat with an even motion. Light touched her wan lips, and swept over her countenance. I never saw such a change. When we left her she lay calm and peaceful as an infant, with the livid hue of her complexion giving place to warmer tints."

"Have you seen her again to-day?" asked Mr. Dalton, manifesting the strongest interest.

"Yes—an hour ago."

"How does she continue?"

"All seems favorable. Her heart was a little disturbed, but not to anything like the degree apparent this morning."

"Then you are encouraged, Doctor?"

"I try to feel so; but the case has shown so much derangement that I dare not permit myself to hope."

A shadow of pain fell over the countenance of Mr. Dalton.

"Was anything remarked about the furniture in your hearing?" he asked.

"Not much. Mrs. Baldwin seemed to understand the case, I thought, and gave you credit for kindness in the act of restitution. I learned this, however. Mary had been out during the morning to see a lady in the city with a view to becoming governess in her family; the answer was to be given to-morrow. On returning, she found her instrument in the parlor, and sat down to it in tears of surprise and gladness, for she saw restored the means by which she could help her overburdened father, without being compelled to separate herself from home, and go out among strangers. Her heart must have been in her touch to give it the healing power that was conveyed to her sister."

"You will do me justice in this painful matter, Dr. Marvin?" said Mr. Dalton. "I was innocent of any wrong intent towards an unfortunate family."

"At my hands you shall have justice," replied the doctor. "I understand the case fully. But what a lesson it involves! Ah, sir, we cannot be too careful how we act toward others from hasty conclusions, or act in motion agencies that may work out of our sight to cruel and oppressive results. Before we at-



tempt to constrain an unfortunate debtor by law, pursuing him to last resorts, let us be well assured as to his actual condition and purpose. It is not just to hand over the unfortunate to be dealt with as mere law instrumentalities may elect. Courts, lawyers, and sheriff's officers, do not feel and sympathize; they rarely take suffering and heartaches into account; it is not their business. They are but agencies, and work out to results as coldly and exactly as insensate machines. Eager creditors rarely think of this, and so they extort a few hundreds of dollars now and then, by legal process, at the cost of sufferings, which, if known to them, would make their hearts ache. You have had one experience in this direction, Mr. Dalton, and Heaven grant that it may be your last."

"Amen!" almost groaned the unhappy merchant. He added, "Many things have caused me to realize, with painful distinctness, the sad condition of a family broken down like that of Mr. Baldwin. They needed considerate kindness, not hard persecution—to be helped, not crippled, in their means of self-sustenance."

"You think," he added, after a pause of several moments, "that Kate is getting over upon the right side again?"

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor. "I have just left an order for her to ride out every day. Fresh air, change of scene, and nourishing food, will do all that is needed."

The father's face brightened. His child was very dear, and her sudden indisposition, the cause of which yet lay hidden from his eyes, had touched his spirit with the acutest pain. The drooping of his own home flower had awakened his sympathies as well as his conscience, and made them keenly alive to the trouble which had darkened around the home of Mr. Baldwin.

Time passed. A few weeks later, and a higher beauty was radiant in the face of Kate Dalton—joy unutterable dwelt in her heart. Tenfold brighter was the sky now arching above her head, for the brief obscuring clouds that hid the sun a little while before. Against a true, manly heart her own leaned in sweet, confiding rest. Dr. Sedden had returned to his allegiance, and enthroned her as queen of love—and she was worthy.

Spring drew on apace, and as life began to stir in the heart of nature, sending a promise of flower and fruit to the swelling bud, and carpeting the earth with greenness, new and stronger hopes for Phebe Baldwin awakened in the home where she still dwelt, a white-

faced lingerer on the shores of time, with feet uncovered, and ready at any moment to step down into the river of death. The medicine of music had failed to cure, though its wonderful power, as seen when after a long absence, it came sweetly floating back upon her soul, continued to wrap her spirit in such a tranquil state, that her fatally diseased heart never again struggled as painfully in its work, though gradually its forces were diminished.

But hope did not revive in the heart of good Doctor Marvin, as the spring advanced. He saw, too surely, the progressive steps of disease, and knew that the end was not afar off.

"How is Miss Baldwin?" It was the question of Israel Dalton. He had stopped Doctor Marvin in the street. Only a few minutes before the happy face of his daughter Kate had smiled upon him as she passed, riding with her betrothed. Its image was obscured by the intrusion of another presence, conjured up by the sight of Dr. Marvin. Ah, what would he not have given for just one moment's power over the irrevocable past! He would have claimed, amid all its errors and wrong doings, to change but a single record—to obliterate all traces of a single deed. But, it was too late—too late.

"How is Miss Baldwin?"

No answering light came from the doctor's face.

"Not worse, I hope?"

"No better, as I read the case," was replied.

"There is no immediate danger, I trust, doctor."

A choking sign was in the merchant's voice.

"Perhaps not. These cases are baffling. We cannot prognosticate with any degree of certainty, but one thing is sure, I think."

"What?"

"A fatal termination of the case within three months."

"Oh, doctor!"

"She may not survive one half the period."

A contraction of pain went over Mr. Dalton's face.

"Has there been a recent consultation?" he inquired.

"Doctor P—— called with me a few days ago."

"What was his opinion?"

"That consultations were more hurtful than beneficial."

"Why?"

"They produced excitement in the patient; and her safety depends on the most entire tranquillity."

"Did he give no encouragement?"

"None. He regards the case as hopeless."

Mr. Dalton stood for a few moments with a shadow of unhappy thoughts upon his face, and then bowing to the doctor went on his way.

#### CHAPTER XII.

We give, in this concluding chapter, two pictures. The first, a scene of beauty and pleasure.

It is an evening in the leafy month of May. In the brilliantly lighted parlors of Mr. Dalton a gay company have assembled. There is music, and dancing; happy voices and exuberant laughter.

It is Kate's last party before her wedding-day, which is fixed for the concluding week in June, after which she is to make a European tour with her handsome and talented husband. A gladder heart is not in the whole city than the heart of Kate Dalton; and she deserves her happiness. Both she and Doctor Sedden have chosen well. They are worthy of each other in all respects.

Mr. Dalton gazes tenderly upon the face of his child, following her with eyes full of light as she circles in the dance, or sits in sweet self-consciousness beside her lover.

"You are a happy man," said a friend, who understood the relation existing between Dr. Sedden and his daughter, glancing towards the latter as he made the remark.

"I have cause to be," was the answer of Mr. Dalton.

"The doctor is a young man of high character and great promise," said the friend, "and destined, I think, to reflect honor on his profession and city."

"He is all that I could ask," replied Mr. Dalton; "and it is rare indeed that a father can say as much when speaking of the man who is destined to become the husband of a beloved child."

"Rare indeed; not once in a hundred times," responded the other. "And, not once in a hundred times is the fitness of the parties, to all human appreciation, so complete. Your daughter is a charming young woman, Mr. Dalton, and deserves the heart that has won her love."

Dr. Marvin, who had accepted an invitation to be present, came up at the moment. His approach was felt by Mr. Dalton as the impression of a shadow over his feelings. The sight of him turned his thought away to another, and a stricken home—a home into which his hand had sent an arrow that no surgeon had power to remove from the heart wherein it lodged.

Only a few words had passed between them, when Mrs. Dalton crossed the room and said, "A messenger has called for you, doctor?"

"From whom?"

"From Mr. Baldwin, I think the servant said. I hope his daughter is no worse."

Ah, how little imagined she the true cause of that daughter's illness. Not a shadow of the truth had found its way across her mind. On that subject her husband had sealed his lips; and no one else who knew of the unhappy circumstance, ventured upon an allusion thereto in her presence.

"I hope not," answered the doctor, with a changing countenance, and then excusing himself he withdrew.

"You don't look well," said Mrs. Dalton to her husband, as the doctor retired, a shade of concern coming into her face.

He was not well, though he tried to smile as he answered, with partly averted countenance, "Then my looks belie me."

The sickness lay deeper down than the physical organism, and less within the reach of cure than common ailments. He had made desolate a home, and no power of restoration lay within his reach.

"If it were my child! My Kate!" Mr. Dalton felt a low, chilling shudder creep through all his veins. Why, in self-torment, did he let thought come forth in this suggestive utterance? It was not voluntary. There are accusing spirits who delight in tormenting, and these were present to his consciousness, and saw where to stab his peace.

The delight of that evening, which ought to have been overflowing, was gone from this moment. A ghostly face, gazing at him with sad, rebuking eyes, was ever close beside the happy face of Kate, whenever his eyes rested thereon; and he had to turn away from her to hide the painful vision.

We pass, following Dr. Marvin to another home and another scene. Instead of lighted parlors, festivity, and gladness, we enter a chamber of silence, over which is darkly gathering the shadows of death. On last Christmas day you saw a man sitting alone, with a burden of care weighing heavily upon his heart. You know it by the depression of his head, the painful curve of his lips, the lines that were written on his brow. There was no warmth, nor roundness of muscle in his face, but an aspect of exhaustion. He looked like a man who had been in battle and lost the victory—weak, hurt, suffering, but not subdued in spirit—pausing for strength to renew the conflict. We

find him here, with an air of greater exhaustion, and a countenance on which the lines of pain are cast still deeper, holding a shadowy hand, and gazing with tenderest love upon the face of his departing child. On the other side of the bed on which the sick girl lies, bending over, is the mother. She does not weep, but oh! how full of the heart's unspeakable sorrow is her countenance; not strongly expressed, but tempered and subdued by Christian hope and patience. Mary, the elder sister, overcome by the conscious near approach of death, has shrunk away, and sits, with hands covering her face, weeping silently. The two younger children stand awed and wondering, but half comprehending the scene.

The door moves noiselessly on its hinges, and Dr. Marvin comes in. Eager eyes, hopeless, yet appealing, turn upon him. The father moves away, and the kind old man, who sees at the first glance that he has no power to hold this mortal voyager back from the sea on which her soul is launching, sits down and takes her hand. A faint smile flickers about her lips, and she looks at him with tender meanings in her face. There are no questions or replies. In a few moments the heavy lashes drooped slowly in that gentle, weary way that infants' eyelids fall under the burden of sleep—drooped until the eyes were hidden. How still the chamber grew! Breaths were indrawn. Then came a distinct consciousness of invisible presence. Angels were there. A deep peace fell upon all hearts.

The long lashes never lifted themselves again. Five minutes from the time Dr. Marvin entered, he arose, and pressing his lips to a white forehead that felt not the touch, went out as silently as he had come in, and left the stricken ones with their dead.

We drop the curtain. This sorrow is too sacred for the outer world.

"How is Mr. Baldwin's daughter?"

"Dead."

An arrow could not have pierced the heart of Mr. Dalton with a sharper pain. He had taken the hand of Dr. Marvin; but now giving it a quick, strong pressure, he let it fall, and without a word of response, turned off and walked hastily away.

Dead! Yes, Phebe Baldwin was dead; and never since that hour has a thought of her crossed the mind of Israel Dalton, without an accusing spirit starting to life and sending a shaft to his heart. And as memory never dies, so will it be ever to the end.

Are not deeds solemn things? Ah, there are

some who would give worlds to recall past actions, and stay the onward march of consequences!

Writer and reader, the lesson is for both.

#### MRS. HARPER—COLORED LECTURER.

Grace Greenwood, writing from this city to the New York Independent, gives the following description of a colored woman, of fine mental culture, who delivered several lectures in Philadelphia during the last winter.

"Next on the course was Mrs. Harper, a colored woman; about as colored as some of the Cuban belles I have met with at Saratoga. She has a noble head, this bronze muse—a strong face, with a shadowed glow upon it, indicative of thoughtful fervor, and of a nature most femininely sensitive, but not in the least morbid. Her form is delicate, her hands daintily small. She stands quietly beside her desk, and speaks without notes, with gestures few and fitting. Her manner is marked by dignity and composure; she is never assuming, never theatrical.

"In the first part of her lecture, she was most impressive in her pleading for the race with whom her lot is cast. There was something touching in her attitude as their representative. The woe of two hundred years sighed through her tones. Every glance of her sad eyes was a mournful remonstrance against injustice and wrong. Feeling on her soul, as she must have felt it, the chilling weight of *caste*, she seemed to say,

"I lift my heavy heart up solemnly  
As once Electra her sepulchral urn."

"Yet, after all, Mrs. Harper's greatest power lies in her wit and humor. There is something very peculiar about her here. She makes her best points, utters her keenest satire, with a childlike simplicity, a delicious *naïveté* I have never seen surpassed. She is arch, yet earnest; playful, yet faithful. She shoots sin with a fairy shaft; she pierces treason through the joints of his armor with the bodkin of a woman's wit.

"As I listened to her, there swept over me, in a chill wave of horror, the realization that this noble woman, had she not been rescued from her mother's condition, might have been sold on the auction-block, to the highest bidder—her intellect, fancy, eloquence, the flashing wit that might make the delight of a Parisian *salon*, and her pure Christian character all thrown in—the recollection that women like her could be dragged out of public conveyances in our own city, or frowned out of fashionable churches by Anglo-Saxon saints."

## PETROLEUM.

### A SEQUEL TO "WHETHER IT PAID."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

As the spring advanced, the usual topic of the summer's migration came up in due form for family discussion.

Ella, of course, took it for granted that they would adhere to the prescribed forms, commencing with Newport, then flitting briefly to the mountains, and culminating at last among the gayeties and glories of Saratoga. This was the only course ordained by fashion and display, and these were the only divinities which the soul of this girl worshipped—the scales never having fallen from her eyes so that she could look up and see the Juggernaut's car, nor the grinning idol that sat thereon, while the great grinding wheels rolled along crushing beneath them something finer and better than the quivering flesh and bones of men and women. "I say unto you, my friends, be not afraid of them that have power to kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

Ella was going on swimmingly, dilating on all the prospects of the summer's campaign, the talk divided in about equal proportions betwixt her wardrobe and her plans, when Rusha suddenly broke into these glowing visions with her decided, "Of course, Ella, you'll do as you have a mind, but one thing I'm settled on, I shall keep clear of all fashionable watering places, and of gayety and dissipation in general for the next summer."

"Rusha Spencer, you always do manage to throw a wet blanket on one's plans. What now tack have you taken now?"

Irritation was apt to develop itself in Ella, in the use of somewhat mixed and coarse metaphors.

"I can't forget," with a little restless tap of her foot on the rug, "that I have a brother a few hundred miles off who is liable to be shot dead any hour; and while that is the case, I will never disgrace myself by rushing into a round of dissipation and revelry, such as we've had for the last two summers. I've a little self-respect left, and a little conscience too, though both have gone through some toughening processes, but at least they'll keep me clear of Newport and Saratoga this summer."

"Well, you know I never did approve of

Tom's going to the war, but as he was bent on it, I can't see why we should make martyrs of ourselves in consequence. It wouldn't do him any good, at least."

Mr. Spencer laid down his paper, and the rest of the family disposed themselves in various listening attitudes, bringing, thus far, no forces to the debate which was going on rather sharply betwixt the sisters.

"Of course, Ella, our going or staying will, as you say, do the poor fellow no good; but there is a ghastly discrepancy in our waisting the summer in all sorts of frivolities while that death-bolt hangs over Tom's head."

"Oh, Rusha, don't!" groaned Mrs. Spencer.

"Well, if we follow your advice, and shut ourselves up here to boil and roast through the dog-days, there won't be much left of us by next fall; we may settle on that," replied Ella, in a dismally resigned tone, which meant, however, anything but acquiescence in her sister's views.

"But all the world outside of New York does not chance to be included in Newport and Saratoga, as your remark implies; and in case we do not go there, we are not shut up to your other alternative of boiling and roasting in town."

"Oh, I see now!" a tone pendulous betwixt triumph and contempt. "You want to go off and shut yourself up again, with the rest of the family, in that dreary, forsaken old corner of creation, Berry Farms. It's strange I didn't perceive what you were driving at. But you won't catch this child. Why, I should go distracted with *ennui*, and throw myself off from the first rock into the sea, before the week was over."

"No," said Rusha, in nowise affected by the tragical fate which her sister predicted, "I should not want to go to Berry Farms. Tom and I were there together," her voice faltering a little, "and it was before Andrew," dropping the burden of her sentence here, and taking up a new one, with a repeated "No; I should not want to go to Berry Farms."

Ella waited a moment.

"Well, what is your plan, Rusha?" her voice softened a good deal.

"Really, I have none formed. It strikes

me that it would be the nicest thing to go off to some quiet place where we could combine delightful scenery, and fresh air, and freedom of every sort."

"I think I should like that now, of all things," added Mrs. Spencer, whose nerves had never quite reacted from several shocks which they had sustained during the past year. "I must say I never can stand again those little boxes of rooms, and all the tire-some dress and parade of your fashionable watering places."

"As for country farm-houses they're a hum-bug," put in Guy, to whose eager, ardent youth quiet and retirement were only synonyms for dulness. "We shall be taken in by some old skinflint, who'll give us feather beds to sleep on, and boiled pork and cabbage for dinner. Go to bed, too, and get up with the chickens. That trip wont pay,"

Rusha laughed.

"The whole country outside of New York is not in quite so benighted a condition as you and Ella seem to take for granted. If it were I should suggest that we all start out as missionaries at once. But I admit there are difficulties in the way of combining all we want in a private boarding-house."

"And who is going to scour the country round to hunt it up?" pursued Guy, very glad to invoke any spectres in the way of a plan which met his cordial disapprobation. "The Governor, I reckon, has got other business on hand, and it wouldn't be safe to put it on me!"

"If we only owned a country-seat now!" spoke up Agnes. "How nice it would be to go there about three months' out of the year—so *distingué*, too!"

She had a little school-girl affectation of spicing her talk with French phrases and synonyms.

"Yes, I must say, I should like that of all things," added Ella, complacently.

Suddenly Rusha bounded off her seat, her face all in a fresh light.

"Oh, pa, I've thought of the very thing!"

"What is it, child?" and again everybody listened.

"We can take some house of our own, a pretty little cottage villa, furnished or unfurnished, as the case may be, and have our own home, and our own servants all the summer, without anybody to molest us."

This proposition did not meet with universal favor. Various objections were started, which Rusha disposed of, while Mrs. Spencer

openly, and her husband secretly, inclined to the elder daughter's suggestion.

"A good many of the first people do rent cottages by the sea shore for the summer, and with our carriage and servants, and everything in the best style, I don't know as the plan would be bad," condescended Ella, at last.

"I think now it would be nicer than the hotels," subjoined Agnes. "But where in the world should we go? *That's* the question."

Then Rusha found her voice again.

"There isn't but one place in the world to be thought of, and that is the mountains. Just think of living amongst them, of standing face to face with all their beauty and glory for a whole summer. Oh, pa, it must be the mountains!"

"Too far off," said Guy. "Be a real bore, too, before the season's over. Want to go to the sea shore, where we can find folks, and have a good time."

"We can have the sea all the year round," persisted Rusha, "and as for 'folks,' my greatest trouble most of the time is to get out of their way. We must go to the mountains," her whole soul on fire with the prospect, and when Rusha Spencer set her heart on anything she generally carried her own point, though in the first place it might encounter the opposition of her whole family.

Ella's suggestions all leaned in favor of the sea shore, her strongest objection to the mountains being founded on a general vague impression of the loneliness and ruggedness of the country in their vicinity; but Rusha put that to flight by citing the names of several families who had rented houses under the shadow of the White Hills—names which had immense weight with her sister.

So all serious opposition narrowed itself down to one point, and this was the remoteness of the mountains. Rusha admitted the force of this objection, losing nothing by it in the end, for when her mother said—

"If it was on the Hudson, for instance, your father could run up every Saturday night, and have the change and the fresh air."

The daughter answered.

"Yes; but you know the doctor said last summer that he wished he could put the city a thousand miles off from pa, for at least three months."

"I'd like to see the man who could get my business out of the knot it would be in by that time," said her father, in a tone of dry pleasantry.

Of course the decision was not made that



night, nor for a good many to come, but it became, thereafter, a theme of constant discussion at breakfast and dinner, indeed, whenever the family met together. Rusha's enthusiasm fairly infected the others. Such pictures as she drew of life up there among the New Hampshire hills—pictures with the very dew and freshness of the mountains upon them—of a life bewitched with its own freedom and rioting, intoxicated amid scenes of beauty and grandeur!

They were practical people who listened to her talk, but somehow, despite themselves, the gold and glow of Rusha's roused imagination wrought a kind of transfiguration in the minds of all who heard her. The fiery intenseness and vitality of her nature fairly seized others against their own will; and the mountains were the mightiest joy and glory of Rusha's life. They had stirred and lifted her soul to their own heights, as even the vast, restless, solemn sea had never done.

In their presence all pettiness, weariness, disgust, even all those yearnings that haunted and made so much of the bitterness of her fine, aspiring youth, were swallowed up here in the solemn exultation and the joy that filled her whole being as the rivers fill the sea.

She could never forget that first week in New Hampshire. It lifted itself out from the other memories of her life, as the mountains lifted themselves up in kingly majesty from the plains at their feet. She was not conscious herself until she had left them, of that great tidal swell of feeling which, going down, had left the days for awhile, like bare flats of sand, reaching away into dreary weeks.

Long before anybody had admitted in words that the mountain house was a settled plan, Rusha had the details all arranged, and she managed to touch with the golden glow of her fancy the most prosaic of these, while she was too thoroughly in earnest to be in anywise conscious of the fine glamour her imagination poured over everything.

Mrs. Spencer, too, found a certain pleasure in making arrangements for "the cottage," excusing herself for anything that looked like a flight into the field of fancy, by always commencing with, "Of course, it is very doubtful whether it will ever come to anything more than talk."

The younger sisters began to invest the whole thing with a certain romance, and to find all sorts of material for sport and adventure in the prospect of the change.

Guy talked, with a slightly swaggering air,

about bringing down a bear occasionally in that "unexplored region," and Agnes dwelt with rapture on the life and duties of a dairy-maid, and the becoming picturesqueness of white aprons, hopelessly confounding the character with that of a gypsy and a hamadryad, for neither her history or her mythology had attained much limpidness at this period.

Even Ella fell into the current of preference which set so strongly towards the White Mountains, and allowed that, as all the world went there, if a place could be found on the stage route of the grand hotels, the experiment might not prove so bad, after all."

While the matter was pending, Mr. Spencer had a sudden business call to Boston, and there chance threw in his way some gentlemen from Concord who were familiar with the mountain region. A few inquiries developed just the sort of information that he desired. One of the gentlemen knew of a small cottage-villa that had been put up for a summer residence by an Englishman, a little outside of the main route from Littleton to the Willey Notch, and about midway between this and the village which forms the terminus of the railroad.

The house was a little summer-nest, containing about half a dozen rooms, with a general physiognomical resemblance to the little cottages one finds sprinkled along the Canada side of the Falls, and which are so suggestive of cosyness and home. They had attracted Mr. Spencer more than anything else in his visit to Niagara. The owner was about to return to England, and the cottage could be leased for a term of years. Such a chance, however, would be likely to be "snapped up," to use the vernacular of Mr. Spencer's informant, in a few days; for everything of that sort went at a high premium near the mountains.

John Spencer turned over the whole thing in his mind for a single night, and the result was, that the next morning found him on the train for Littleton, accompanied by his New Hampshire friend.

A little two story nest, with green verandas closing it on every side, hung in a very wilderness of beauty on the slope of a hill, less than half a mile from the main road. Such a revelry of green life and beauty as there was all about this dainty cage—such fresh, dewy stillness, and coolness, and wildness; on one side a little waterfall pouring over a gray lap of rock, and always haunting the air with its sweet chord of falling waters; such cool glooms and rich green on the side of the savage forests,

while far beyond the sweep of the fair valleys and reaches of pasture rose the Mount Washington range—peak after peak lifting itself towards the sky, wearing the splendors of sunlight or the terror of storms, while along those gray stairways of crags the gaze climbed and climbed, and the soul entranced followed after, until both rested at last on that height where Mount Washington unveils the awful sadness of its forehead. On the other side stood that royal mountain, Lafayette, with its princely hills clustered in homage about it—the grand old face scarred with the path of its streams, now looming spectral and terrible through its swathing clouds of mist, and now standing out in all its rugged, solemn strength and majesty in dazzling pomps and effects of sunlight.

John Spencer walked from angle to angle of the piazza, taking in from one point and another all the ravishing glory of this picture. Even to his coarse, world-hardened soul, this scene had something to utter.

"What would Rusha say to all that?" he muttered once to himself.

At last he went over the house, and coming out of the front door as the result of all his investigations, he said to his companion—

"If money will fix it, I'll have my family up here in three weeks."

There was no time to be lost. Mr. Spencer thought "luck was on his side that day," for on his return to Concord he found the owner of the mountain cottage, stopping over night in the city. A bargain between the two men was soon completed. Mr. Spencer obtained a lease for a term of years, and this business having been completed the very next morning found him on his way home.

Of course the news he carried took his whole family by surprise. Nothing else was talked of thereafter; and the man had to sustain an amount of interrogations that was appalling to one so little given to description of any sort as was John Spencer. The comments of each was characteristic, but when her father concluded with—

"You'll all think I did a capital thing, but as for Rusha, when she comes to see the mountains round, I expect she'll be carried right out of herself."

"The mountains, pa, are they really in sight, though?" cried the voice, full of an ecstasy of delight.

"Well, I should think they were, as many as you can take in—wait and see, that's all."

She got right up then, went over to his

side, and though she was the oldest of his children, she gave him what none of the rest ever did—a real hearty hug.

"Nonsense, child, nonsense," said the man, but the words and the little attempt at gruffness were transparent enough.

Mrs. Spencer's questions all took, of course, the most practical drift, but when she came to learn the actual capacities of the "country seat," as her daughters ambitiously termed the English cottage, she was thoroughly dismayed.

"No matter, ma; we are to live in a bird's nest, and we must stow thick as the robins."

Rusha's clause was rather poetical than practicable, and the lady shook her head despondently.

"The robins have all out doors besides," she said.

"And so will you, when you get up there," rejoined her husband, promptly, and there being no help for it, Mrs. Spencer set herself to solving the problem of the utmost economy of space, a perplexing one, it must be admitted, when there are seven of one's own family, and at least three servants, to bestow in a house whose utmost capacity did not exceed seven rooms.

"It's out of the question, it never can be done, ma," said Ella, in tones of doleful decision.

But necessity will surmount apparent impossibilities, and when, after turning the material which they had on every side, the largest chamber was assigned to the three girls, and a closet opening out of it to Guy, and the barn-loft pressed into a lodging for the man servant, the matter was settled.

"It'll be awful tight squeezing, ma," said Agnes, looking half pathetically around the spacious drawing-room, in which they might almost have set the mountain cottage.

"It won't be worse, anyhow, than the cells we've had to put up with at the watering places," said Guy, consolingly.

Busy times ensued. The Spencers were eager to get out of town as soon as possible, as it was now approaching June.

There was all the cottage furniture to be bought and sent away, and the task of selection devolved on the girls. They went into it heartily. There was a novel pleasure, and a sort of romantic adventure in the whole thing that appealed strongly to their youth. Both the young ladies had good taste enough to see the essential vulgarity of any attempt at display in the present case, and their choice of cottage ap-

pointments did them credit. Soft, cool matings, with pretty light sets of furniture to match in browns and greens, and easy portable chairs, and pearl-colored hangings, with just a touch of warmth in the borders, and linen curtains with dark green margins, and brackets for angles, and a moderate supply of choice engravings, with three or four of Rusha's pet pictures, made up the prominent belongings of the mountain nest.

These were dispatched under the charge of a man and woman servant, who were to have the cottage in complete readiness for the advent of the family. Rusha was busy as a bee all this time, her face in a bright warmth of activity, which made it a pleasant thing to look at.

"Oh, ma!" she said, coming home thoroughly tired out with a day among furniture warehouses, "you don't know how I enjoy it all. I expect to be happier this summer than I have ever been in my life before."

"There's one thing, we shant want to take any elegant dresses, living up there in the woods," said Agnes. "I'm going to wear nothing but white aprons, and delicate lawns, and just the dearest little gypsy hat with a golden brown plume. It will be so picturesque—only I don't suppose the people around there will be capable of appreciating anything of that sort; still, it must create a sensation."

"Aggie," added Rusha, with a pleasant little laugh, "your vanity is so transparent one can't find the heart to ridicule it."

"As for elegant dresses," added Ella, "I shall take the very best I've got. With the Crawford on one side and the Profile on the other, there's no danger of our being buried up all summer. Whenever it gets dull at home, we shall have the hotels in reserve, and we shall be sure to meet hosts of friends there during the season. Otherwise, my consent never could have been obtained to this mountain plan."

The very day before the Spencers left the city, Ella, being down town, chanced upon a party of friends, who were also just on the point of their summer flight. She was dilating on the mountain project, when who should come along but Derrick Howe—"The very one man in all the world," Ella thought, "whom she did not wish to see at that moment." Graceful and self-possessed as usual, he paused, lifted his hat, and joined the ladies, with whom he was on familiar terms.

Ella's talk had stimulated the curiosity of

the young girls, and she was just launching out on a full tide of sparkling description of their home and their life to be, when the young man appeared. She was compelled to proceed by the entreaties of the others, and Derrick Howe, with the profoundest regrets at his intrusion on their talk, offered at once to withdraw.

But he was besieged by the ladies in a chorus of "Oh, do remain and hear, Mr. Howe. You will be so interested." And of course he stayed.

What could Ella do but go on with her talk? The mountain cottage was a picturesque and original plan, that would be certain to attract fashionable, pleasure-loving people, and Ella enjoyed the theme, and Derrick Howe listened and asked questions with the others, and looked very handsome toying with his gloves.

"Oh, it must be perfectly charming!" exclaimed one of the young ladies. "Such a glimpse of gypsy life makes the prospect of watering-places dull enough; only, what will you do for society?"

"Oh, the cottage is within a few hours' ride of both the hotels. Whenever it gets dull I shall go there."

Derrick Howe spoke up now—"I have been promising myself the tour of the mountains this summer." (He had until that moment entertained no remotest thought of this kind.) "It is possible I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at one of the hotels during the season."

"Oh, how nice that will be!" put in one of the girls, who admired Mr. Howe.

"Oh yes, very," replied Ella, feeling that she must say something, and those words coming first.

When her friends took leave, Derrick Howe loitered a moment behind the others, and taking Ella's hand lifted it to his lips before she could prevent the movement.

"Miss Spencer," he said, and the man knew precisely how to say and do this in the most effective manner, "the thought of meeting you will be all I shall live on this summer."

He bowed over the tightly-clasped hand, and was gone.

"I'm sure I wasn't to blame; I couldn't help it; I shouldn't have allowed it had I known," muttered Ella, her conscience, which was not apt to be troublesome, giving her a twinge as she thought of Rusha. "I shall look out and keep clear of him at the mountains. And there's no use in telling anybody what has

passed. How handsome the fellow did look, though!"

And Derrick Howe went on revolving in his mind all that had transpired, and hugging himself with the thought, "Luck's on your side this time, old fellow. Just get that girl away from her family up there at the mountains, and your chance will come. Now look out sharp for it."

And the opposition he had met trebled the value of the prize in the eyes of Derrick Howe.

At that very moment, Rusha, at home in her chamber, was packing her trunks for the day following, her lips in an unbent smile of sweet content, not dreaming that the skeleton would follow them also to that fair home that waited in its still peace for them among God's everlasting hills.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

In a morning of early June the carryall which had conveyed the Spencer household from Littleton, where they had passed the night, drew up before the front gate of the cottage. A morning in early June, "then, if ever, a perfect morning."

All the joy of sunshine, all the rarest beauty of sky and earth seemed to have formed a conjunction at this hour to welcome them to their new home. That vast panorama of mountain grandeur stood up in all its solemn strength and majesty before them, the very temples and courts of the Eternal God. Pinnacle after pinnacle rose serene and clear in that June light, while a few mists clung in silver dimples down among the ravines and jagged places of the hills, or ran in a fine tender bloom of peach and gold along the slopes. A sudden solemnity came upon the face of each one who tumbled eagerly out of the carriage and turned for a first look. Each mountain stood there a strong vital personality, and though the Spencers had driven all the way out from Littleton in voluble merriment, they went all around the piazzas, taking in one view and then another in a hush of silence, so impressed with the power and mystery of glory about them that words did not come to these people until they had gotten inside the house.

Here everything was in the perfection of order to receive them. Each article had been bestowed in its appointed place by thoroughly trained domestics, and every room, in its bright purity and perfect harmony of cool color, made a picture in itself.

Then the tongues were loosened. They went from room to room in a kind of voluble rap-

ture, exhausting their breaths and their adjectives over each one; for in all respects, whether in itself or its royal panorama of landscapes, the cottage utterly surpassed the limits of their imaginations.

Rusha took the whole, as was to be expected, somewhat differently from any of the others.

She went about from angle to angle of the upper and lower piazzas, feeding her entranced gaze on some new, rich surprise of landscape; seeing the winds toss the gray hairs of mist across the dark splendor of the forehead of Lafayette, now steadying her glance on the far off dome of Mount Washington as it stood towering alone over all that power and glory of the hills.

Voices called her inside. "Oh, do come and see this, Rusha!"—"Make haste and look here," and to each she answered, "Yes, I'm coming." "I'll be there in a moment," and went on finding it impossible to tear her enchanted gaze away. At last her father came to the door and called her, and she went in, her face transfigured with a rapture nobody had ever seen there before.

"Oh, pa," she said, speaking out her first thought, "I believe we've all made a mistake and got into Heaven!"

Everybody laughed, and Guy answered, "I've always heard 'Jordan was a hard road to travel,' but I must say if this is Heaven we've got along here by pretty easy stages."

Everybody laughed, even Mrs. Spencer, though she tried to look sober, thinking Guy's wit was a little wicked, which I fear it was.

Then Rusha went about the house, surveying the rooms, peering into every nook and cranny with the others, enjoying it all, and yet mostly like one in a dream, the glory of the vision outside, calling to her soul all the while.

They could not hold her amongst them long. She was out on the piazzas again, her face glowing in a trance of silent rapture from one landscape to another until the ecstasy became a real pain.

She could bear no more, she must get away by herself from all human sight, and impelled by this longing she darted down the steps into a narrow lane on one side of the house; following this for a short distance she struck into a little wood-path, which led her up into a green thicket just on the edge of the forest. Here, in the cool darkness, sweet fragrances of the woods clung to the air, the morning winds frayed out the edges of the maples and birches over-head, making a soft lip



of sound which one would not be likely to hear for the singing of the birds and the dripping of water from some small stream near at hand. Rusha threw herself down here on the grass and sobbed like a baby for the next half hour. It seemed that her heart must break out of its great burden of joy, if it were not for this relief of tears.

Rusha Spencer did not cry easily or often, and when any excess of emotion wound itself up into weeping, the strain upon her nerves was sure to result in an agonizing headache.

She was certain of what was coming now, as, at last, having sobbed herself into calm, she removed her hat, and let the winds cool her hot cheeks, and then following the sound of the little triple of water she found her way to a small spring, spilling its cool life through the crevices of some ragged gray rocks. Here she laved her face until all traces of tears had disappeared.

It was high time now to return home; but before she reached it a dull, premonitory pain had shot across her temples.

She found the family quite exercised over her long absence, for which she rendered an excuse true, rather to the letter than to the spirit, that she had been off in the woods, and stayed longer than she intended.

"You ought to have more sense, Rusha," said her mother. "Rambling off for hours, and expending all your strength before you have recovered from the jaunt of yesterday. You know you'll have to pay for it."

A sharp thrill of pain across her temples at that moment endorsed her mother's prophecy, but dinner was announced at that moment, and the family went out to their first meal in the cool, dainty little dining-room, as Ella expressed it, "in an advanced state of starvation," with the exception of Rusha, who was obliged to confess to a headache, by this time, and to limit her dinner to a cup of tea, and some dry toast.

"Just what I expected," said her mother, in that doleful tone which rasped the girl's irritated nerves almost beyond her control. "When will that child learn wit!"

As it grew towards evening the pain became so intense that they were obliged to undress her and get her into bed; and she lay in the darkened chamber, her temples cooled with ice, while each throb sent its jar to every nerve-fibre of her system.

Down stairs she heard the hum of voices and the merry, bustling life going back and forth, and she knew that outside the sunset of

that June day had flooded the heavens and transfigured the mountains until each stood up in its streaming vestures of flame, ministers of God, waiting His call, and "fulfilling His word."

Poor Rusha! tossing her burning head from one soft pillow to another and finding no rest, was it strange that she forgot her birthright, and wondered whether her mother had not spoken the truth, after all, and whether she had not paid too high a price for the ecstasy of the morning.

The day faded, the stars filled up the sky, and then she fell asleep.

In the weeks that followed, the Spencers settled down to their new life among the mountains—a life in utter contrast with all their previous experience. No doubt its novelty lent some fresh charm to everything about them, but it did seem as though they had left the loud, restless world far behind, and were locked up in some enchanted valley, whose gates were those eternal mountains which shut them in on every side.

The strong tonics of mountain air gave fresh vigor to every pulse, while the absolute seclusion and rest fell like balm upon every tired sense, and went deeper than that into every tired soul that would open wide enough to let them enter in and abide there.

The young people lived mostly out of doors; fairly bewitched with the wildness and roughness of the region; hunting into all its recesses, finding new secrets and rich surprises of scenery with every hour—now it was a spring with a little trickle of tune under some green wall of thicket, now a blasted trunk, across which some vine had flung its fiery scarf of wild bloom; now it was some heap of rare mosses clinging to broken rocks, and now it was some unexpected nook or dell on which they would chance in the woods, a very forest lyric of peace and beauty. They would come home every day, their fair young cheeks alive with fresh bloom, bringing spoils of wood, and thicket, and forest, like conquerors. Indeed the little house fairly rioted and ran over with wood blooms, and sprays of vines, and wild berries, and clumps and tufts of forest growths, among which were daintily hung birds' nests, and eggs streaked and mottled, and all sorts of curious things.

Guy was knight-errant for his sisters, and always carried his gun, and was on the lookout for the traditional bear of that region, whose history had as reliable a basis as some delightful old legend of mythology. It was a



pleasant sight to stand on the piazza, as Mrs. Spencer did in the summer mornings, and see the little party start off on some search for a new woodpath, or some exploration into the wild recesses of the forests—the girls in their pretty sun-hats, with long plumes that fluttered triumphantly in every breath of wind, the soft crisp folds of fine hued cambric brushing away the dew that still sanded the grasses; and the mother would stand there on the piazza, shading her pleased eyes from the sun, and watch them, believing that in all the world there were no daughters so fair or lovely as her own. I suppose, however, all mothers think that.

Guy generally brought up the rear, well provided with knives, and small hoes, and various sized baskets to contain the forest trophies. He was indispensable on these occasions; and Guy was at heart a "good fellow," when the conceits and smartnesses of his stripping youth dropped off from him.

The absence of his elder brothers seemed to have brought to the surface whatever was best in him of manliness and self-reliance, and given him some new sense of responsibility and dignity; while during his father's absences in the city, the duties of "head of the family" devolved in some sense upon the youngest son.

But if those first weeks at the mountain cottage were happy ones to the collective Spencer household, if never a sigh or a longing went back to the great city they had left far away with all its whirl of exciting pleasures, you can think something of what this life was to the oldest daughter. Her soul drank in its new freedom with a strange sense of liberty and exultation, like that of some bird, caged from its birth, which has suddenly burst its bars and found the green woods and its native air.

The care or doubt which had haunted her expression passed out of it now, and in its stead there came an illumination of child-like brightness and absolute content, which filled her face with a new beauty.

Her family recognized this in their homely fashion by remarking—

"Rusha, you've been growing good-looking every day since we came to the mountains—that's a fact."

And those mountains were a perpetual feast to the long fasting soul of Rusha Spencer. Those hills were living vital presences and eternal companionship to her. In that grand vestibule of majesty and beauty in which their

home was planted, she could lift her eyes on every side to the mighty temples which her Father had builded, and worship Him with a new love and joy. Her eyes had the anointing which the others had not, and could "see beyond the land into the landscape."

The mountains and the girl knew each other. She grew into a loving intimacy with all their moods. When the swift wing of the tempest swept in awful darkness along the crags—when the vast seas of vapor moved down and gathered in the hills, until their pinnacles loomed up fair and spectral, like the turrets and spires of some city, in the heavens—when the mists hung in play their silver fleeces along the slopes, and, touched with sunlight, flickered into a foam of fine gold—when the noontide glory hung upon the hills, or sunrise and sunset poured their fiery splendors upon every cliff—the soul of Rusha Spencer watched and waited and received its blessing.

And though her rambles with her sisters were many, she had more by herself. She would plunge off into the silent woods, and in some cool depth of shade and savage wildness throw herself down on a mat of mottled gray and green mosses, and read and dream away the hours. Sometimes her book would be a volume of Ruskin, transmuting all the world into a new mystery and harmony of light, and grace, and color. Sometimes she would lose herself among Starr King's "White Hills," until the very pages seemed to heave and glow under her with the forms and splendors of mountain and cataract. And sometimes—oftenest, perhaps—the reading would be fragmentary enough—passages here and there of her favorite poems—passages that held in them some immortal essence of truth and beauty, while she read alternately from the two volumes opened before her, and each interpreted the other to her soul; and she found that the volume of man and the volume of nature had alike their end and best meaning in God.

Yet the rumors from the world outside which reached the Spencers in their happy sequestration were painful enough. We all know what a miserable summer was that latest one of the war, men's hearts everywhere failing them for dread. The terrible battles of the Wilderness, which shook all our homes while the birds sang in the sprouting May boughs had come and passed, dropping its shadow of death upon many a threshold; and still Richmond stood, bristling and defiant, before the armies of Grant.

Then followed that terrible drouth which

drank up the springs, and the earth lay panting and shrivelled under the fierce heats until famine loomed up in the distance, gaunt and awful, following on the heels of war.

Of course the Spencers had had their days and nights of agonizing suspense when the Union armies were knocking vainly at the gates of Richmond, amid that awful hail of death which brought low so much of the land's brave young life.

But Tom Spencer had escaped, though he had been in the thickest of the battle, and came out, to use his own words to Rusha, "without a singed hair, but not the same man that he went in. He could never be that again."

Letters went back and forth constantly betwixt the brother and sister. How strange it seemed to Tom to read down there amidst all that din and havoc of war about the blissful quiet of the home among the silent New Hampshire hills. He entered into every detail with the greatest eagerness, and seemed to find almost as much delight in the dear little "mountain nest," as he called it, as any of the rest.

Early in July when the tide of fashionable travel set stronger than ever towards the White Hills, Ella learned that a party of her city friends were passing a week at the Crawford, and were importunate that she should join them at the hotel.

The old instincts resumed their sway, making this a temptation which the girl could not resist, and to tell the truth, as the novelty wore off, their seclusion and quiet had become a little monotonous to Ella, and she hailed the prospect of a brief return to her old life. It is true, as she was packing her finery for the trip, a thought of Derrick Howe flashed across her, and the not very remote probability of their meeting at the hotel.

To do her justice she had scarcely thought of him since their parting. "If he should turn up," mused Ella, "how provoking it would be. But I can't bury myself up here all summer because of that possibility, and in case I should come across the fellow there's nothing left to do, but to keep him at a proper distance."

But Ella did not consider that the signal manner in which she had failed in this already afforded small hope of her being able to do it, in circumstances where Derrick Howe would have everything so greatly to his own advantage. So she sprang lightly into the carriage that afternoon, for Guy was to drive her over

to the hotel, and she rode away by his side smiling and confident, not dreaming that she was going to meet her fate.

And that afternoon Rusha sat at the window and looked out on Mount Lafayette, its top swathed in a cloud of radiant vapors, while "beneath, it stood out sharp and clear full of strength, passion and expression."

A soft light filled the eyes of the girl as she gazed. "Maybe I've thought too hardly of it," she murmured, forgetting herself in voluble thought as was somewhat her habit when alone. "It's a beautiful world after all. I didn't suppose anybody could be so happy in it as I've been for the last month."

Then her thoughts went to Tom. "Oh, my brave young knight," with a quiver of joy and tenderness all through her words, "how nobly you buckled on your armor and went out to the battle, which in some shape is appointed to us all, whether we be men or women. But oh, Tom, Tom, my heart is sick to see you. If you were only here now, the measure would be full, and I could only say, 'Dear God, it is enough. Give me no more lest I die.'"

"Should you really say that, Rusha?" asked a voice at the door behind her.

She turned around with a little smothered cry, and there stood Tom, in his "army blue," smiling, in the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.—Few things more surely indicate the good housekeeper than the ability with which she preserves what she has, and makes every article last as long and go as far as possible. Careless methods of cookery, or a waste of broken food and fragments, consume a third more provision than is necessary, even in the poorest families. Many a household becomes poor from this kind of slack hand dealing alone. The woman who has the skill and economy to repair and change old garments into new and attractive forms, or bring the remains of one meal upon the table a second time, in another but an equally acceptable style, possesses within herself an almost inexhaustible source of comfort, if not of wealth, for her household. A poor man is richer with such a wife, than a rich man with a slack hand at the head of his affairs.

Few people understand how deeply and silently a child may suffer.

## LOVE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"Oh, don't go yet, Ambrose."

Nettie Harding's face took on such a pretty pleading expression that the husband of a month bent for the twentieth time that morning to kiss it.

"I really cannot stay a moment longer, siren. Business must be attended to, you know."

"Business!" Hateful word! "You never mentioned it to me during our courtship. But now—" Nettie's eyes looked unutterable reproach.

"But now," said young Harding, taking up the unfinished sentence, "now that we are a staid married couple, we must no longer look at life through the glamour of moonlight and sentiment, but in a sober, earnest, altogether matter-of-fact way. In this work-a-day world I have, you see, my share of labor to perform with the rest, and, in truth, I like it, little dear. It makes me feel myself a man among men. Come, bid me good-by, and let me be gone."

"Don't go," plead Nettie, clinging to his hand. "What can I do all day? I shall be so lonesome without you."

"Go learn Longfellow's Psalm of Life, to repeat to me when my heart beats low."

"I don't like 'Psalms,'" pouted the "little dear." "Am I naughty, that you set me such a task?"

"Just a trifle, perhaps. One more good-by, my pet," said Harding, freeing himself from his wife's detaining hands, and moving towards the door.

"Stop, Ambrose," commanded Nettie.

The young man turned back with a look of incipient vexation. "What now, dear?" A keen ear would have detected a slight impatience in his voice.

"I haven't kissed you good-by," said Mrs. Antoinette, in a tone of grave surprise that so important a ceremony should have been forgotten by her lover husband.

"Oh! Have you not?" He went back to her side to receive the caress which, from having become a thing of such common occurrence, had materially declined in value.

"Oh! Have you not?" mimicked Nettie, drawing herself up with sudden dignity. "Do you think I am going to kiss you after that,

you provoking creature? Do you hold my favors so lightly that you cannot even remember whether they have been bestowed or not?"

"Nay, I did but jest. The kiss, quickly, sweetheart," he cried, with zest, this unwonted withholding of the accustomed gift giving it a keener relish.

"Stand, my liege. I am in no haste," said Nettie, coolly.

"Fie! 'What a freakish dame!' I'm going, mistress."

She called him to return. An important matter was to be decided upon, even the tint of the new dress she was to purchase that day. In what color, now, did he think her most charming?

Well, indeed, that was a very difficult question—more perplexing to him than the knot-tiest point in law. Was it really the hue of her robe, then, that made her so much more charming at one time than at another? He had not suspected that she owed her fascinations to such adventitious circumstances.

Nettie pouted. She wouldn't try to look pretty any more. She would dress like sister Jane, in solemn dun and sober gray, she said, nodding towards her stepfather's daughter, who sat by the window apparently reading, but quite as much interested in the characters enacting this simple parting scene as in the mythical personages that figured on the printed page before her.

"Is it gray that Jane wears?" Ambrose asked, viewing the young lady with sudden interest. "I never noticed that before. In looking at her, one sees only Jane, and never the thing that she has on. By all means let the new gown be gray, Nettie."

"Never!" cried Nettie, liking this deference to another's taste extremely ill. "It is a rude, wintry, desolate, durable color, that Nature herself scorns to use except for rocks and the bark of trees. I'll none of it. Give me gorgeous tropical tints, and let me be arrayed—as Solomon in all his glory never was—like the 'lilies of the field.'"

"Like Aldrich's 'Tiger Lilies,'" said Ambrose, with eyes growing suddenly tender and dreamy. And now there was no help for it but the smooth measured lines must roll from his tongue:—

"For they are tall and slender,  
Their mouths are dashed with carmine,  
And when the wind sweeps by them,  
On their emerald stalks,  
They bend so proud and graceful—  
They are Circassian women,  
The darlings of the harem  
Adorn our garden walks!

"And when the rain is falling,  
I sit beside the window  
And watch them glow and glisten,  
How they burn and glow!  
O for the burning lilies—  
The tender Eastern lilies—  
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,  
That in our garden grow!"

"The kiss, true love. I've won it by this sweet compliment to your taste."

"And the new dress need not be 'gray' to please you," said Nettie.

"No; you would be quite characterless and insipid in such nun-like garb. These bright tints are all that give you style. Miss Gordon, there, doesn't need them."

"You'll get no kiss for that, sir!"

"Ah, well, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive,' I've been taught." And lightly touching his lips to Nettie's, Harding hurried away, closing his ears to the shower of entreaties and commands that she sent after him. "Not another word, my lady. I dare say you have already cheated me of a good client, and my rival, Jenkins, has got him," he said, as he passed the door, and clearing the steps, two at a time, walked rapidly down the street.

Nettie ran to the window to look after him.

"Isn't he handsome, Jenny?" she said, with a little glow of pride.

"Very," answered the young lady, without lifting her eyes from her book.

"Very!" mocked Nettie, with an exasperated air. "The word is well enough, but you speak it in such a way, Jane. I do believe you are envious."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Miss Gordon, smiling, and turning a leaf.

"Is that all you've got to say?" asked Nettie, tartly.

"Not if you wish more. I can add that, judging from present omens, I have small cause to envy you. Six months hence there will be, I presume, no such pretty partings as that which has just transpired between you and Mr. Harding, but his daily departures will be preceded by frowns, fretful upbraidings, tears and sharp rebukes, and you will not run to look after him and exclaim, 'How handsome he is!' The mood for love-words and caresses will no doubt return at intervals,

but it will be transitory, passing off spasmodically on the first occasion for mutual forbearance and concession."

"You croak like an old maid, Jenny Gordon," said Nettie, making use of a dreadful comparison.

"Jane, if you please," corrected Miss Gordon.

"Jane, if you like," retorted Nettie. "That's another old maid's caprice, to insist upon being called by such a stiff, prim, old-fashioned name, when it can so easily be transformed into a prettier and more graceful one. Now, why do you think Ambrose and I will not always be just as loving and content as we are at present? Tell me, evil prophetess."

"Because the fascination of the senses wears out after a season, and if the soul be untouched, the feeling that you name love will die. There will come a time when these pretty, winsome ways of yours can no longer charm; the surface flash, and foam, and sparkle being drunk off, what remains is tame, spiritless, insipid. What will you have to give your husband when he comes home wearied with business cares, a little dispirited, and a good deal vexed with much that has gone amiss? Why, if you chance to feel in good humor, the same fantastic tricks of speech and manner that caught his fancy in the wooing—the pretty pout of the lips, the shrug of the dimpled shoulders, the arch side glances, the coquettish turn of the head, the pert, piquant reply, and the light, empty caress that has no soul eloquence in it, no whisper of sympathy in troubles that if told, would be but vaguely understood. What will you say when the pretty love triflings that charmed him in the brief days of courtship and honeymoon are grown stale and distasteful to him, and in the evening dusk he rises from your side, dons his hat and tells you, not with intentional reproach, but by way of apology for his nightly desertions, that in his leisure hours a man must seek intelligent companionship to brighten up his ideas, and exercise his conversational powers? Why, likely you will burst upon him a storm of reproaches, complaints and accusations, which he may bear patiently, or at least calmly for a while, but, being only a man, and no Socrates at that, he will doubtless hurl at you a thunderbolt at last that will dissolve you in tears, and leave you to nurse the wretched fancy that you are the most neglected and abused of wives. Will you have any one but yourself to blame for it if he does seek society more agreeable than



you? How do you expect to retain his affection when the charms by which you allured him are perished, clean gone forever? When the rose in your cheek is faded, and the light in your eye is dimmed, and your hair is streaked with silver, and your brow is crossed with frowns, and your ripe red lips are shriveled, and your form is bowed and shrunken, and you are a withered old woman, Antoine, in whom the pretty coquettish airs that sit so gracefully on you now would be simply ridiculous and disgusting?"

"Upon my word, a charming picture you make of me!" cried Nettie, half crying with vexation. "Are you trying purposely to hurt my feelings, Jane Gordon?"

"Better than that. I am trying to prick you to some nobler resolve, to spur you to loftier purpose and worthier action. You know that Ambrose thinks you less frivolous and shallow than you appear. This light trifling humor of yours he imagines but the surface froth and sparkle of a nature that has some deep undercurrent of thought and feeling, else would it be without fascination for him. There is a shadow of seriousness in his face, there is a touch of earnestness in his voice when he speaks to you sometimes, that seems to plead for a response, and almost to force upon you a recognition of the graver and weightier matters of life, for he grows dimly conscious that he needs no harem beauty to pet and fondle, but a brave, true, earnest helpmeet (study the word, Nettie), who will enter with keen sympathy into all his plans and purposes, and share with him his labor and his hope. Your trivial talk begins to weary and almost vex him at times; once or twice I have seen him look at you with some vague doubt and trouble in his eyes, as if he were asking himself if his fancy had not tricked him—if he had not taken too much on trust—but the thought barely assumes shape in his mind ere he banishes it with a glow of shame for his injustice towards his young wife, and he says in his heart, 'The occasion will bring forth the pure ore; the earnest, thoughtful woman will appear at my need.' It may be that Ambrose is deeper versed in the lore of books than in knowledge of human nature, especially woman nature. Coming from the solitude of study, his senses were suddenly carried captive by the thousand and one little feminine arts which you know so well how to exercise, and his lofty conceptions of womanhood took mortal shape in you, and all that was wanting his active imagination supplied.

Do you think the witchery will last forever? Believe it, the spell already begins to break, and the rough tests of every day life will soon reveal you in your true quality to the man who has promised to love and honor, not you, but the woman that he fancied you to be. I ask you, can you hope to retain the affection and respect of your husband if you do not seek to realize his ideal by cultivating the graces of mind and heart as well as of person?"

"Dear me, Jane! You make much ado about nothing," said Nettie, pettishly. "Ambrose has taken me for better or for worse, and I dare say he is well enough satisfied, and always will be; or if he isn't, I don't know how he is going to help himself. You've got a wrong idea about him. He doesn't want the sort of wife that you fancy, and no other man does. What men like in women is beauty, grace, and a charming confidingness and childlike dependence; but intellect they consider quite superfluous, extremely disagreeable, and rather an encroachment on their own domains. The woman who 'cultivates her mind' (laugh! how I hate the phrase!) doesn't get paid for her labor. It is a decidedly unprofitable business. And I tell you, my lady (as some slight return for your kind consideration of my case this morning), that if you do not materially change your tactics, you'll never get married. You don't try to make yourself at all pretty or agreeable to your gentleman acquaintances, and do not show the least partiality for any of them (which you might on the sly) unless it be Grand'ther Merkhams in his big-bowed spectacles and horrid wig. I'm afraid you're a bit strong-minded, Jane, and, if you are, you'll atone for it by living an old maid all the days of your life."

"Heaven's will be done," responded the young lady, resignedly. "Better an old maid than an unworthy wife. I do not feel in duty bound to make any extra exertions to render myself 'pretty and agreeable' in the eyes of my gentlemen acquaintances; neither do I find occasion to treat any uncourtously and with disrespect. As regards the matter of marriage, it is one upon which I do not consider myself called to take any present action, and one that does not in the least trouble my thoughts. My life is planned without reference to any such contingency. But I frankly assure you that if the man who loved me, and whom I loved, should come to me, free and without reproach, and ask to plan my life anew, he could not be refused; yet I would scorn to



use the smallest art to win him—of his own free will should he come."

"And if, not liking such majestic indifference, he should fix his choice upon some other," suggested Nettie, maliciously.

"Well and good. The old path that I marked for my feet would remain, and I should walk straight on in it the same as if he had never crossed it," returned the philosophic lady, with composure. "But we are not arguing my chances of winning a husband, but yours of keeping the husband already won. Now if, as you allege, mind is a superfluity in woman, and doesn't reward the labor of cultivation, it is absolutely certain that she must defer to the man's judgment in all matters, and never presume to act except under his direction. And you, my pretty dear, with that 'charming confidingness' and 'child-like dependence' of yours, why you ought not, consistently with those qualities, ever to oppose the will of your husband, nor think whether it be good or ill, your business being solely to render implicit and unquestioning obedience, which he, owning the whole stock of mind in the conjugal partnership, has an undoubted right to exact of you. Upon such grounds you might escape moral accountability, as you could hardly be called 'responsible,' having only half the powers of a human being."

"It would suit me excellently to escape all responsibility," confessed Nettie. "Ambrose may bear that in welcome, but I will have my own way. It's a woman's right, you know."

"I deny it. If a woman is a child in understanding, she must submit to be governed as a child."

"But I tell you I won't," asserted Nettie, stoutly, disliking exceedingly this view of the matter. "My husband may have all the knowledge and wisdom, but I—I will have my own sweet will."

"And what, then, becomes of your 'charming confidingness and child-like dependence?' When it is most essential that you should display those qualities they will be found wanting. The child proper is eager to learn and know, teachable and of a compliant spirit, easily guided when love is the master; but the grown up child is of the nature of a fool—obstinate, irrational, self-willed, self-inflated, and lacking in the homely virtue of—common sense. Now a reasonably intelligent woman, trained to habits of observation and reflection, might possibly be convinced that her own sweet will and way were not of necessity always right, and would be willing to concede

something, everything but truth and honor, for peace's sake; but one who takes the ground that you do, and glories in ignorance as a feminine virtue, will be selfish, exacting and unreasonable under all circumstances, and might try the temper of a saint compelled to live with her. If you and Ambrose have trouble in your wedded lives, you may look to yourself for the causes. Your business is to obey him."

"I have heard you argue very differently from this, you contradictory creature," cried Nettie, indignantly.

"Admitting woman to be a reasonable being, I could do so now," returned Miss Gordon, picking up her book and resuming her interrupted reading.

Nettie looked at her with an expression of profound disgust.

"I know one thing," said she, vehemently, "if there is anything I hate it is a woman with reason."

Five years later, Jane received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MRS. PERCY:—I write you in reference to a matter which lies so near my heart that I must come to it at once without preliminaries. The favor I would ask of you is very great—exceeding, perhaps, the claims I have upon your friendship. It is that you will take my little Ruth into your home, and see what, by good, healthful influences and pure instructions, can be done towards eradicating the tares of selfishness and vanity that already begin to thrive in her young heart, and which, if no effort be made to check their growth, must destroy all foundation for a true and noble womanhood.

"I am well aware that in making a request of this nature I am casting some reflections on her who should be a sufficient guide and counsellor to her daughter, but it is a case that will not permit me to indulge in any delicate scruples of honor. Where the well-being of my child is concerned, I must not hesitate to act, even though to do so may show a want of respect for the woman whom, in the relation that she stands to me, I should honor and confide in beyond all others. Let me utter no vain lamentations for the error that it is now too late to amend. I hold no one but myself responsible for my domestic infelicity. My choice was a voluntary one, and whatever I may suffer as a consequence is a matter that must be hidden in my own breast. Nettie is

blameless. It is not her fault that she is unlike my ideal wife, and that the home she makes for me is unlike the home of which I used to dream. I cannot reproach her. She did not deceive me, I deceived myself. There may have been a time when I found solace in the thought that her heart would set itself on higher things when child-lips called her by the most sacred name that woman bears, but that hope is over. Of brambles I do not look to gather grapes.

"But while I can, in myself, suffer, uncomplainingly the consequences of my error, I cannot endure to see it perpetuated in the life of my child. It cuts me to the soul to mark the fantastic tricks the young thing has already acquired, the sly arts, the petty deceptions that she practices to gain her ends, and which might provoke a smile if I did not know—if I had not had *experience* in the sort of womanhood of which they are at once a reflection and a prophecy.

"Ah, you should see my miniature woman prink and practice before the glass, trying the effect of this and that bit of finery pilfered from the mother's wardrobe, turning her head critically from side to side, and laughing gleefully—the pretty jackanapes—at the peculiarly satisfactory results of her fanciful decorations. Already the momentous matter of dress weighs heavily on the little one's mind. She folds her hands demurely and descants learnedly on the 'latest styles,' while she views with great complacency her own pretty attire, feeling deeply aggrieved if it elicits no admiring remark from her playfellows, elevating her infantile nose in extreme contempt of those less daintily appareled, but quite overwhelmed with mortification and jealousy if she finds her splendors eclipsed by any of her juvenile acquaintances. And, 'never mind,' comforts the weak mamma on such occasions, 'my little pet shall have a finer costume than any of them. She shall not be outshone.'

"Ah, me! these things vex me and they grieve me too. They are the disappointment of my sweetest hopes. My heart aches under my little girl's pretty caressings, and I sigh wearily, thinking of the empty, vain, and frivolous life that she is being trained to live.

"Don't smile when I tell you that young ladyhood has grown to be a deeply interesting study to me. I, a grave, preoccupied man, going and coming from my place of business, or acting the smiling martyr at my wife's receptions, find myself abstractedly turning to gaze after or listen to the light, volatile, voluble

creatures that flit past me and around me—a dreary vacuity echoing behind their fair, smooth brows—a well of selfishness, deep and never-failing, in their soft white bosoms—a stream of sentiment and silliness, which no earnest thought ever dams, pouring ceaselessly through the never-closed gates of their lips—and I question my heart sadly, could I wish my daughter—my little Ruth—like one of these? Heaven is my witness, I would rather see her in her baby purity and unconsciousness of sin, lying in the white vesture of the grave, than living to become one of these vain, silly moths—one of these gay painted butterflies of fashion, fluttering and darting giddily after every false light, thoughtless, purposeless, and worse than useless.

"But what can I do? Except by removing her from present influences I know not how I can even hope to rescue my darling from a life that would grieve me more than her death. My leisure hours are few, and the very little that I can do towards instilling right principles, and fostering generous feelings in the heart of my child, is counteracted under the tutelage of the presiding genius of my home. And, somehow, in the little one's plastic mind the bad impression seems much more enduring than the good.

"I have written very plainly to you, my friend; in truth, to speak so freely of 'interior' disturbances is not common with me, but in asking of you the favor that I have, I feel that you will require to know the causes that necessitate it. Once more, I entreat you, if the trouble and care will not prove too great for you, receive my little girl into your heart and home, and teach her how to become a true and noble woman; for here she will never be anything other than one of those chattering, fantastically bedizen monkeys, such as it requires an extreme effort in a sensible man to avoid despising. I was not 'sensible' once, you think? Ah, well, time and experience work many revolutions in our opinions. Of this, no more. I await your decision.

"Respectfully yours,

"A. HARDING."

*The answer.*

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I will receive Ruth very gladly, though I feel by no means confident that the results of my management will meet your expectations, and still less that I shall be able to discharge the duties of my new office entirely to my own satisfaction. I could wish also for Nettie's consent to the

measure, as without it I should regard myself guilty of an officious interference with her rights. However ill-fitted she may be to have the sole direction of her little girl, I feel that nothing short of the absolute certainty that her management would prove an abiding injury to the child, could justify a forcible separation. Very truly,

"JANE PERCY."

*From Nettie to Jane,*

"What an intolerably long day Sunday always is, Sister Jane. I verily believe there are more hours in it than in all the rest of the week. I have just been making an arithmetical calculation of the time upon such premises, and do but witness the result! Four hundred and twenty seconds in a minute, four hundred and twenty minutes in an hour, one hundred and sixty-eight hours in a day! Bless my soul, the thought is perfectly appalling! Talk about 'killing time' of a Sunday! It's just like cutting off the heads of that awful Hydra of mythological renown. Of course I attend church. I wouldn't have you suppose me a heathen. I never fail to go; firstly, because it is a pious duty; secondly, because there's nowhere else to go; and thirdly, because I find it rather interesting, especially when the new styles are coming out. Then, too, I usually make a practice of reading a little in some pious book, for I don't forget I have a soul to save, though for that matter I think it's a great trouble to have a soul; it is always interfering with a body's pleasure. But to-day, having attended to these spiritual matters, and slept off the fatigue of it, I still found a surplus of time which I was at my wits' end to know what to do with, till suddenly I thought me of letters to write, and that seeming a sufficiently disagreeable penance even for this day of penances, I fell to it at once.

"I cannot tell you how relieved I feel since you have taken charge of Natalie, (I will not call the dear by that common countrified name, *Ruth*—that's one of Ambrose's queer whims, he thinks it a sweet, womanly name—pish! I wonder he did not call her *Jane*!) I don't think you counted the trouble she will be to you. Such an intolerable tease: such an incessant questioner! Dear me! it is enough to worry the life out of one. I dare say, though you will have more patience with her than I had. You are more fond of children than I, not that I regard them as positive inflictions either—indeed, if they were only always such nice, well-behaved creatures as one reads

about, I should like them extremely well, but even then I wouldn't want to be pestered by them when I wasn't in the mood for it. That was the trouble with Natalie, you see; she couldn't have the sense to perceive that when I was not in the humor to pet and talk with her she must not disturb me. It was a bright thought in Ambrose to send her to you. (I suspect he got the idea from one of the advocates of women's rights, who has written a novel in which she takes occasion to remark that parents are unfit to have the care and government of their children, a sentiment to which I cordially respond, though I solemnly assure you, in other respects I am not in the least 'strong-minded.') For the most part Ambrose is very kind indeed, though he is so incessantly occupied with business that he hasn't much time to devote to me. Of this I cannot complain, however, as I very freely enjoy the fruits of his industry, which, after all, (perhaps I oughtn't to confess it,) is more satisfactory than his society would be. Not that I don't love him, indeed I'm a most affectionate wife, but then one's husband isn't like one's lover anyway. I found that out before I had been married three months, and it was some time ere I could grow quite reconciled to the fact. It's a common experience, I suppose, though I don't know how it is with you, I'm sure. You are *peculiar*, and I dare say your courtship was conducted in such a humdrum sort of a way that matrimony couldn't prove over a step from the romantic to the common-place—I had almost said from the sublime to the ridiculous—as it is in most cases. Well, at any rate, I have my own way, and that's better than love and kisses. My husband has found out that I will do as I please, and he doesn't often try to oppose me. I'd advise you to begin the same way, Jane; there's nothing like beginning right. Just let your husband know that you must be humored, or—there will be a fuss, and men will do most anything to avoid that, at least Ambrose will. But what's the use in talking to you? You always were such a queer creature, in some things so awfully independent, and in others meek as a lamb. I never did understand you.

NETTIE.

"P. S. Isn't the new style of bonnets perfectly charming? I have such a love, and it is so extremely becoming. Of course hubby 'don't see it,' he's much too abstracted for that, but there are *others* not so blind. I haven't faded a bit, Jane—indeed, I am *told* that I grow lovelier.

N.

"P. S. Be particular to keep Natalie snugly

dressed so as to insure a trim, slight form when she is grown; she is inclined to stoutness, which I abhor. Above all, don't let her play out of doors much, for her complexion is spoiled for a week by an hour in the sunshine. N. "P. S. Ambrose is talked of for Representative. I really hope it will amount to something more than talk. I would so like to spend my winters at the Capital. NETTIE."

#### LINCOLN'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

Mr. Holland has brought out Mr. Lincoln's religious character with a distinctness that must set at rest all cavil upon that point. "He believed in God, and in His personal supervision of the affairs of men. He believed himself to be under His control and guidance." The Bible was his companion, and prayer his resort in his greatest needs. The touching appeal to his friends upon leaving Springfield came from the very depths of his soul, and no administration of our government has ever been marked by the religious tone that has marked that of Abraham Lincoln. We cannot refrain from quoting a single very remarkable passage from Mr. Holland's biography, illustrating this point. After Mr. Lincoln's election, he was conversing with Mr. Batesman in Springfield in reference to the fact that a large preponderance of the Springfield clergy were expected to vote against him on account of their pro-slavery proclivities. Mr. Lincoln was walking the room with a small Testament in his hand, greatly agitated. Stopping at last, he said, with a trembling voice and his cheeks wet with tears: "I know there is a God, and that he hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know His hand is in it. If He has a place and work for me—and I think He has—I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same, and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down, but God cares, and humanity cares, and I care; and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end, but it will come and I shall be vindicated; and these men will find that they have not read their Bibles aright."

It is difficult to read, without tears, the story of Mr. Lincoln's anxious, weary life during the four years in which he filled the Presidential Chair. Misunderstood, misrepresented, bur-

dened as man was never burdened before, beleaguered with treason, beset with political faction, hunted by the hungry pack of office-seekers, walking under a perpetual sense of fearful responsibility, his pillow was the thorniest and his path the roughest that the ruler of a great people ever knew. Out of the very depths of his care-worn spirit, he cried to one of his friends, "*I shall never be glad any more.*"

And yet this strong, great man went steadfastly along his *via dolorosa*, cheating the superficial observer with a semblance of light-hearted gaiety; rarely losing his even sweetness of temper; never unmindful of the little daily duties of kindness and charity to the poor and suffering who so constantly bespoke his intervention in their behalf; full of sympathy for the lowest soldier in the ranks; quick to detect imposition; quicker still to acknowledge his own short-comings; waiting, striving, praying for the time when the blindness of the people should be taken away.

It is one of the saddest reflections, in reading Mr. Lincoln's life, that as he advanced towards the consummation of his noble aims, he felt that his overtaxed strength was giving way, and that he should not live to see the full fruition of his hopes. To one who congratulated him upon the prospect of the termination of the war, "I know—I know," said he, pressing a hand on either side; "but the springs of life are wearing away and I shall not last." To this idea he frequently recurred, and we cannot doubt that he was deliberately sacrificing his own life to his overpowering sense of duty, long before the assassin's bullet closed his career.

No feelings, no doctrines, no practices are good and true to us, however good and true in themselves, which we ourselves do not, in some degree at least, feel to be true and good. Think over everything in your own minds of which you are quite sure, and act up to this. Do not trouble yourselves about things of which you are not quite convinced. Do not make yourselves out better than you are, but be as good as the best part that is in you, and then you will gradually grow better and wiser, "without partiality and without hypocrisy."

Never be afraid of doing little because you cannot do much. Take the first duty that comes before you, and put your heart into it, and it will lead to a second. Try to put a spirit into old ways before you chalk out new ones. Never let your conscience be troubled by the claim of duties that do not belong to you.



## LAY SERMONS.

### DELUSIVE?

BY ROSEELA.

Sometimes we are prompted to little acts of kindness, to our friends and neighbors, that are wholly unselfish. Perhaps when we retire at night we say: "that poor woman is in trouble, and I must go and see her to-morrow," or, "I must inquire if the B's are not in a suffering condition, and if they are, will help them".

To-morrow comes with its cares, and our good resolves are forgotten, or put aside for a more convenient time.

I was deeply impressed a few years ago in a conversation with an old man, one who had dandled me on his knee in my infancy, who had left this place and not returned till more than twenty years had elapsed. He staid a week with us, and that was one of the best weeks we ever lived. It has done us good ever since. There is scarcely a day passes in which we do not meditate on some of the good things Mr. Gwinn told us. He told me if I was ever prompted to do a kind, unselfish deed, not to put aside the still sweet voice, but rise up and do it; that it was the prompting of the Holy Spirit—that perhaps in answer to some pleading prayer of the broken hearted, the poverty stricken, or the sorrowing, He was granting that prayer, and making us the instrument in accomplishing it.

We had never thought of this before. Christ and the blessed angels making even us, instrumental in working for them!

It was not long after this until a young man employed on a freight train, by a misstep, in the gray dawn of the morning, fell between the cars and was cut to pieces. A telegram was sent to his parents. We were neighbors, though not intimate, and when the sad news reached us I sat down horror-stricken, leaning my head on my hand. I thought of his lonely old parents—he was his old mother's darling and pride. She was left desolate, crushed, felled to the earth by the dreadful blow.

Instantly there was a tugging at my heart. I was drawn towards her as if by main force. I said, "to-morrow I will go there—it would be intrusive now, to look upon her sorrow—tears will alleviate the keenness of her distress." Stronger and stronger was I drawn towards her. Something said, "To-morrow a crowd will be around her, curiosity will be excited, people will be wondering how they will bear it, and go and stand, and stare, and look on—she needs you now."

I put on my cloak and hood, saying, I would go

across the woodland and meadow, and reach there about the same time the man who bore the telegram would, and ride round the winding road. I was just crossing the brook, perhaps forty rods below the house, when the blow fell. I heard the shriek—the piercing, heart-rending shrieks that almost froze the blood in my veins!

The first words from her pallid lips were—"Oh, I am so thankful that you have come!" Then, while she clung to my neck and moaned out her sorrow on my bosom, it was mine to weep with her in sympathy. There is no comfort for one so utterly bereft; in the first tumult of their grief, tears are their best solace.

I felt glad that, perhaps, the good angel had put the desire into my heart to go there then.

Another time I had been thinking all the morning of a poor woman who lived beyond the village, and after the work was all done up, I thought perhaps, she was in need, or wanting to see me, so persistently did thoughts of her cling to me. In a neighborly way, just as all people do in country neighborhoods, I filled a little basket with things that are good in all families, and went over to see Eunice. When I rapped there was no response, and I opened the door quietly and looked in. The poor woman was leaning her head on a table and taking a real good comfortable cry. Her husband was absent on a drunken spree, and they were left in that winter weather without provisions or wood. The two babies were cross and half sick, and Eunice's poor head was bursting with pain, while a worse pain was breaking her heart.

As soon as she saw me, up went both hands—poor, cold, glad hands, ready to clasp me, and the first words were, "Oh, I'm not ashamed before you! I've been praying all this morning to see you!"

I could sit all day and tell of instances like these. I do believe God uses humble means often to aid in bringing about His wishes, and in answering pleading prayers put up in faith. I am glad to believe that it is so. If it is a delusion, it does me good to be thus deluded.

As in the Father's house are many mansions, so to that house are many approaches. It is not for us to force all men through the only one which suits ourselves.

"No man," says Robert Hall, "can ever become eminent in anything, unless he work at it with an earnestness bordering on enthusiasm."



## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### THE CROWING HEN.

BY L. A. BEALE.

Once upon a time, in one of the greatest cities in the world—which is called Athens—there lived a famous writer who had a magic pen, which tradition saith was plucked from the right wing of the eagle that bears the thunderbolts of Jupiter. I don't know whether this is true or not, I only know that this pen writes the most wonderful things that ever were read—of men, and women, and birds, and beasts, and philosophy—so that all who can read are delighted thereby.

Once this magic pen wrote of hens, and you would think that all the hens in the world must have held a convention, and this pen but wrote their history, so wise and witty and profound was this story about hens.

No doubt there was such a convention and all the hens were there but my little Patsy, who was sitting on six eggs, and who took more pleasure and comfort in staying in her nest, and keeping her eggs warm, than she could in attending this great Hens' Rights Convention. That is the reason, too, why this famous pen did not write the history of good little Patsy. But it deserves to be written, and so I have taken my best gold pen and begun to write this story; for if the great writer who wrote about all the hens in the world had known my Patsy she never would have said—

"I have made diligent inquiry, but I have not been able to find any person who had heard, or who had ever seen or heard of any one who had heard a crowing hen."

This magic pen thought that crowing was a mark of masculine rudeness. Ah, they did not know my Patsy, for she was modest, and gentle, and meek.

Patsy was an orphan. I found her one morning under the barn, crying "peep—peep—peep," in a shrill, desolate voice, so I peeped under the barn door and saw a tiny chicken trying to hide herself in an old basket. I called "chickey, chickey, chickey," and strewed grain about, which some half grown chickens, with three feathers in their tails, ate up very quickly, but the little stranger never moved, and only cried the louder.

Then I got a rake and succeeded in pulling out the basket, chicken and all. I never knew what heartless mother left the little creature there to perish, no doubt she got her reward.

So Patsy was brought up by hand, and though quiet and somewhat given to melancholy, at the thought of her loneliness; she was a very pretty little creature, with a gentle dignity of her own, and she had a coquettish way of nodding the little

crest of feathers on her head, which made some of the envious hens, who had no crest, call her proud and haughty.

She soon grew to henhood, however, and a proud creature was Patsy when she laid her first egg in her own nest. To be sure it was a very small one, as Speckle told her, who came to look at it. But Speckle was a large matronly hen, the mother of several large families, who had quite forgotten that the first egg she laid herself was even smaller than Patsy's. But that is the way of the world. Patsy thought she would do better by and by, and so she did. At length she began to express a wish to have chickens of her own. I said, "Fie, Patsy! What can you do with chickens? You're nothing but a chicken yourself."

"But she ruffled her feathers, and said, 'Cluck, cluck,' to an imaginary brood, and seemed so much in earnest, that I determined to gratify her; and I remarked to my brother Tom, that he must get some good eggs for Patsy, as she was determined to set.

A bright idea seemed to strike Tom, for he jumped up from the table and knocked down his chair, saying—

"Don't you set Patsy till I get back; I know where there's some famous eggs."

He rushed out, and in an hour returned with his trousers turned up, and his boots covered with mud, and half a dozen eggs tied up in his handkerchief.

"There's the eggs for Patsy!"

"Where did you get them?"

"Down on the medder. Wild ducks, by jingo!"

Tom was a rude boy, and cared for nothing but a boat and a gun, and always talked loud slang.

Patsy's delight culminated when Tom rolled these eggs into her nest, and she tucked them up with her bill, and spread out her wings enough to cover a dozen. And there she sat day and night, patient and unwearied, scarcely giving herself time to eat.

Speckle came down to see her.

"You wont have many chickens, I suppose?" she asked.

Patsy showed her warm eggs.

"Dear me," sighed Speckle, "so few and so small! It's poor encouragement, to sit so long, and hatch out a weak little brood. I wouldn't spend the time."

"I shall be quite satisfied with whatever is right," responded the patient Patsy; "and my time isn't worth much."

"I'm so sorry for you. I will just lay another egg in your nest."

So Speckle laid an egg in Patsy's nest, and in due time six curious little ducklings, and one little round, downy, saucy chicken appeared. Patsy scarcely knew what to think of the strange little feet of her chickens, and did not know why one should be so different from the rest. But she did not doubt that it was all right, so she marched to the barn-yard as proud a hen as ever lived, and scratched and clucked with the utmost industry.

She felt worried, however, to see that the chickens with the queer feet and bills did not gather about her and pick up the bugs and worms she unearthed for them, only the one brisk one, who scratched and ate enough for the seven.

"Just as I thought," said Speckle, "nothing but ducks!" and as she spake the little things actually flew upon the edge of the watering trough, and were soon swimming about merrily.

"Don't be alarmed," said Speckle, "I hatched ducks once myself, and they always went into the water. It does them good."

"But they don't eat anything. I scratch and scratch, but they don't eat," said Patsy, anxiously.

"Yes, they do. While you are scratching for them, they are catching flies and grasshoppers. They are poor things, and I pity you. My ducks were clumsy creatures, and could not get about any faster than a snail. I nearly moped to death that summer."

"But my ducks fly away from me, and sometimes I have hard work to find them. Yet I am very fond of them, and like them quite as well as if they were all like this one."

But soon these ambitious little ducklings sought a larger pond than the watering trough, and one day, while Patsy was scratching and the little chicken was eating the shares of seven—by which means she grew very fat—the venturesome ducklings put their heads together and determined to go on an exploring expedition after more water, and immediately started straight for the brook that ran across the road some distance from the barn-yard, where they were swimming, and diving, and fluttering, some time before mother Patsy missed them.

She called them again and again, and ran hither and thither clucking and cackling in great distress, but they could not hear her, and kept at their sport. Never had they had such a rare frolic before, in such bright, limpid water, with no cows putting in their mouths to drink, no horses threatening to swallow them.

Poor Patsy was in great distress at the loss of her children, and if she had been a woman, would no doubt have got out all the police force of the town, crying "children lost." At last she flew upon the fence and took a survey of the surrounding country, and away down on the shining brook, floating, fluttering, plunging and circling in all their native grace, she saw her dear nestlings.

She called to them again with her motherly cluck, but they could not hear her voice, they were so far away. Then she cackled, and still in vain. And then poor Patsy crowed as loudly and as boldly as strutting Chanticleer himself.

Her strange children heard, and came running and flying towards her, like the good loving things they were, and she brooded them with more fondness than ever.

"It is very fortunate you can crow," said Speckle; "though for my part I never could have the courage, it seems so coarse—as though you wanted to be a rooster."

"I don't want to be a rooster, indeed; but I think it no shame to crow when I am obliged to. And whenever I find it necessary to crow, I shall crow, whatever hens or roosters think of me," and Patsy smoothed down her feathers with her beak, with a pretty wilful air of independence.

And over after that when she lost her ducklings she would mount the fence or gate and crow, in spite of the cackle of small-minded hens, and never caring that Chanticleer dragged his tail on the ground, and said—

"Well, if Mistress Patsy has gone to crowing, I think it is time for me to begin to lay eggs."

This is the story of Patsy, and it has at least the merit of being as true as though it was written with the magic pen from the right wing of Jove's eagle.

Boston, February, 1866.

### THE BLACK EWE.

Some time ago, as a gentleman was passing over one of the extensive downs in the West of England, about mid-day, where a large flock of sheep were feeding, and observing the shepherd sitting by the roadside preparing to eat his dinner, he stopped his horse, and entered into conversation with him to this effect—

"Well, shepherd, you look cheerful and contented, and I dare say have very few cares to vex you. I, who am a man of pretty large property, cannot but look at such men as you with a kind of envy."

"Why, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis true I have not troubles like yours, and I could do well enough, was it not for that black ewe that you see yonder amidst the flock. I have often begged my master to kill or sell her; but he wont, though she is the plague of my life; for no sooner do I sit down to look at my book, or take up my wallet to eat my dinner, but away she starts over the down, and the rest follow her, so that I have many a weary step after them. There, you see she's off, and the rest are after her!"

"Ah, friend," said the gentleman to the shepherd, before he started, "I see every man has a black ewe in his flock as well as me!"

## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

BY LORD BYRON.

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meets in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear, their dwelling place!

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,—  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent.

### THE MODERN BELLE.

BY J. G. Saxe.

The daughter sits in the parlor,  
And rocks in her easy chair;  
She's clad in her silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair.

She winks, and giggles, and simpers,  
And simpers, and giggles, and winks,  
And though she talks but a little,  
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russet,  
And ragged and seedy at that;  
His coats are all out at the elbow,  
And he wears a most shocking bad hat.

He's hoarding and saving his shillings  
So carefully day by day,  
While she, on her beaux and poodles,  
Is throwing them all away.

She lies abed in the morning,  
Till nearly the hour of noon;  
Then comes down snapping and snarling  
Because she was called so soon.

She doats upon men unshaven,  
And men with "flowing hair,"  
She's eloquent over mustaches—  
"They give such a foreign air!"

She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon,  
And though but a mouse should meet her,  
She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
Her hands are so very white;  
Her jewels are so very heavy,  
And her head is so very light.

Her color is made of cosmetics,  
Though this she never will own;  
Her body's made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart's made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow,  
Who struts with a foreign air;  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his hair.

One of the very best matches—  
Both are well mated in life;  
She's got a fool for a husband,  
And he's got a fool for a wife!

### TO LAURA W—, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Bright be the skies that cover thee,  
Child of the sunny brow—  
Bright as the dream sung over thee—  
By all that meets thee now—  
Thy heart is beating joyously,  
Thy voice is like a bird's—  
And sweetly breaks the melody  
Of thy imperfect words.  
I know no fount that gushes out  
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be  
As beautiful as now—  
That time might ever leave as free  
Thy yet unwritten brow:  
I would life were "all poetry"  
To gentle measure set  
That naught but chastened melody  
Might stain thy eye of jet—  
Nor one discordant note be spoken,  
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these  
With woman's lot are wove:  
Wrought of intensest sympathies,  
And nerved by purest love—  
By the strong spirits discipline,  
By the fierce wrong forgiven,  
By all that wrings the heart of sin,  
Is woman won to heaven.  
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—  
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,  
Thy witching tone and air,  
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness  
May be to thee a snare.  
The silver stars may purely shine,  
The waters taintless flow—  
But they who kneel at woman's shrine,  
Wreath the poisons as they bow—  
She may fling back the gift again,  
But the crushed flower will oftener stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?  
Keep thee as thou art now?  
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,  
At God's pure throne to bow?  
This world is but a broken reed,  
And life grows early dim—  
Who shall be near thee in thy need,  
To lead thee up to Him?  
He, who himself was "undefiled!"  
With Him we trust thee, beautiful child!

## THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

BY MRS. REMANS.

"And slight, withal, may be the things which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside forever;—it may be a sound—  
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—  
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—  
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly  
bound."

Child Harold.

The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken  
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,  
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken  
From some bright former state, our own no more;  
Is not this all a mystery?—Who shall say  
Whence are those thoughts and whither tends their  
way?

The sudden images of vanish'd things,  
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;  
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,  
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by;  
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—  
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,  
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;  
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,  
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown;  
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,  
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,  
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,  
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,  
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread;  
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—  
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them  
clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,  
That oftentimes whispers to the haunted breast,  
In a low tone which naughts can drown or still,  
'Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest;  
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?  
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink  
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;  
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think  
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!  
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—  
Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel  
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;  
Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal  
Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?—  
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake  
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

## THE DYING INEBRIATE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Break sweetly, red morning,  
I shudder with fear,  
For dreaming at midnight,  
My darling, my dear,  
My Mary, my lost loving Mary, was here.

Soft smoothing my pillow,  
Soft soothing my woe,  
She folded the coverlid,  
Dainty as snow,  
About my chill bosom, and kneeling so low.

Meek clasped she together,  
Her hands lily white,  
While the flow of her tresses,  
All golden with light  
Of the world where there never is any more night,

Fell over my forehead,  
And bathed it like dew,  
As the pale mortal sorrow  
In lifetime she knew,  
Was mixed with the fond whisper, "Pray I for you."

And therefore this tremulous  
Shudder of pain  
Shakes my desolate bosom;  
This agonized rain  
Fills my eyes, that I thought not to vex me again.

Break sweetly, red morning,  
Break sweetly, I pray;  
In the darkness of midnight  
As moaning I lay,  
Fled this vision, this beautiful vision away.

On a hill where the larches  
Trail low to the ground,  
Till the moon lights but faintly  
The headstones around,  
Fast asleep lieth Mary beneath the hushed mound.

In her white shroud she lieth  
Beneath the cold stone—  
My life was the shadow  
That darkened her own,  
And my death-crown to-night is the thorns I have  
seen.

## A PRAYER FOR REST.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,  
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,  
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold;  
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumble, and the rocks,  
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox  
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;  
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet  
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat  
Their pitiful complaints—O, rest is sweet,  
When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,  
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts  
Search for thy coming—when the light departs,  
At evening, bring us home!

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star  
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far.  
Without thy lamp we know not where we are—  
At evening bring us home!

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken  
Oh thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken  
In the waste night—our tardy footsteps quicken—  
At evening bring us home!

Anonymous.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise  
Their master's flower; but leave it, having done,  
As fair as ever, and as fit to use;  
So both the flower doth stay and honey run.

George Herbert.

# THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

The editor of the "Home Circle" finds the space left for her this month so small, that she can only get in a few unimportant trifles. In the next number she will claim the room to which she is entitled, and give to her department its usual interest.

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

### I.

Away to the woods this sunshiny morning  
To seek for my 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,  
While the dew 1, 2, 6, the sweet flow'rets adorning,  
And the 1, 2, 9, 3, of the sun do shine.  
O'er the hill-side we'll wander to the streamlet's edge,  
Till my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,  
Clustering in bunches beneath the hedge,  
We find, most temptingly luscious and fine.

### II.

By the aid of my first,  
My second will try  
Your power to essay  
My whole (if it durst).

### III.

- A female's Christian name.
  - A flower in gardens found.
  - A city of great fame.
  - A beast that's hard to tame.
  - A form that's not quite round.
  - A bird for song renowned.
- The initials of these words expound,  
And they will quickly name,  
A poet known to fame.

## CONUNDRUMS.

- Why is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he is a *seeking* what don't exist.
- Why is the rinderpest like a mouse? Because the *cat*'ll catch it.
- Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers? Because they have *studied* the heavens for ages.
- When Eve told Adam to chastise his son, what five scriptural names did she use? "Adam," Beth Eve, "Cain Abel."
- Why is love like a Scotch plaid? It is all stuff and often crossed.
- Why is an author the most peculiar of all animals? Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head.
- Was Eve high or low church? Adam thought her *Eve-angelical*.
- Which is the cheaper, a bride or bridegroom? The bride; she is *always given away*, the bridegroom is sometimes *sold*.
- Why does the railway clerk cut a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through.
- How should a lover come to the door? With a little ring, but not without a rap.
- When were there only two vowels? In the days of no a (Noah), before u and i (you and I) were born.

## ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN MAY NUMBER.—

- Friendship. 2. Wall. 3. Syntax. 4. Elephant. Illustrated proverb—"A merry heart makes a cheerful countenance."

# TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

## FASHIONS.

There has seldom been a time when the fashion for bonnets was so varied as at present. There are three distinct styles now in vogue, and no one of them seems to take precedence over the others, but each lady selects whichever shape seems most becoming to herself. They are all, however, very small. The "Gypsy" is rounded at the corners, and usually trimmed very simply with daisies or violets. Some of the bonnets take the Marie Stuart shape, being pointed slightly in the front.

There seems to be little change in the shape of the outer coverings for the shoulders this season. The Parisian papers tell us that, for out-door coverings, a great many circular capes are to be seen. They are made of black cashmere, embroidered with garlands of flowers in all shades, and they are edged with a handsome silk fringe, which matches the flowers. Some of these circular capes or *comails* are made in blue, and others in iron-gray cashmere. These are likewise embroidered with color, or else simply studded over with black beads and decorated with garlands of black lace leaves. All these capes are fastened with exceedingly handsome buttons, made either of chased silver, enamelled gold, or of cameo. There are only two buttons on each cape, but the buttons are the size of five-franc pieces.

The paletots or sacques which have been so popular for the past two years are still worn.

Gros grain and unwatered moire are the two most popular silks for black paletots. When the paletot does not fit the figure closely, it is always trimmed at the back. The trimmings vary; sometimes they consist of narrow bands of either black or white guipure,

sometimes of crossway bands cut out in vandykes, and fastened down with large beads, like nails, and sometimes of large palms, represented in gimp, the palm expanding downwards. One of these ornaments is placed at the back, two in front of the paletot; the latter are so arranged that they touch the pockets; then there are two smaller palms on the shoulder seams. When the palms are made of white gimp beaded with crystal, they render a black silk paletot very dressy and effective. Crosscut bands of white and colored silks are also used to relieve the monotony of black silk jackets. Gold braid is also to be seen on the black paletot, just as it was seen on black velvet bonnets during the past winter; but it is very conspicuous. Trimmings which can be worn without fear of remark, are the black silk ribbons, edged with gold, and these are arranged as loops and ends on the shoulders, at the back, and in small loops all round the paletot. These gold-edged ribbons are very effective upon black silk dresses, and likewise for silks of a sombre shade.

Striped dresses continue to be paramount in public favor. During the winter they were but sparsely trimmed, but of late a means has been found for diversifying them somewhat. The bottom of the striped skirt is now bordered with a wide band of striped silk of the same color as the dress, but the silk is cut on the cross and the stripes are much wider than those which go to compose the skirt. Another trimming is to add a Marie-Antoinette flounce round the edge of the skirt. This flounce is put on very full, and has likewise a full heading; the bottom of the flounce is cut in deep-pointed vandykes. It is then piped with black silk.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**BROKEN TO HARNESS.** A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Boston: *Loring.*

The story of a lady of aristocratic birth and education, who weds a man of humble, social rank. The painful discipline that followed, gives to the narrative its chief attraction. The reader is introduced into English literary and club life, and becomes an observer of some rare and piquant scenes.

**A TEXT-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY.** For the use of Schools and Colleges. By Henry Draper, M. D. With more than three hundred illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This volume embodies the valuable parts of a work on the same subject published by Dr. Draper's father in 1846; a work that has passed through more than forty editions. The present book is larger than the original volume by a hundred pages, and has many more illustrations. A free use having been made of all the more recent authorities, both in the English and other languages, nothing really essential to the student will be found wanting.

**CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** Volume III. By John Bonner. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This commences with the Rebellion, and conducts us through the war. It is a loyally written and truthful account of the events of the past four years, interspersed with such incidents as are calculated to interest children, and are not too trivial to attract the attention of persons of larger growth.

**GEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.** By L. Agassiz. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

The articles collected in this volume were originally prepared from notes of extemporaneous lectures, and first appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They now form a valuable and highly interesting contribution to popular scientific literature. The genial professor possesses the rare faculty of discoursing on abstruse scientific subjects in an entertaining manner. We read with him the stony pages of the world's physical history, or rather he gives us the fruits of his reading and profound studies, in a plain and unaffected manner. The letter-press is illustrated with numerous and well-executed wood engravings.

**WALTER GORING.** A story by Annie Thomas, author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," "Theo Leigh," &c. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This fine romance makes No. 265 of the "Library of Select Novels."

**CHERRY AND VIOLET.** A Tale of the Great Plague. By the author of Mary Powell. New York: *M. W. Dodd.*

A story of the Great Plague in London, 1665, told with such simplicity and naturalness, that the reader feels as if in the presence of a living witness of scenes and events which transpired two hundred years ago. This book is of the class in which "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" is most notable, and carries with it a similar attraction for the reader. An edition of "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," by the same author, is announced as nearly ready. This is also a charming book.

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**THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.** A Novel. By Victor Hugo. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

No. 267 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

**A TEXT-BOOK ON PHYSIOLOGY.** For the use of Schools and Colleges. By Jno. W. Draper, M. D., LL.D. Illustrated with nearly 150 Wood Engravings. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

A very general desire having been expressed by professors and teachers, who have used Dr. Draper's large work on "Human Physiology," to have an abstract of that important volume suitable for use as an elementary text-book, the author has here furnished a book sufficiently simple and compendious for such general use, and yet representing the state of science at the present day. It must necessarily come into very general use.

**NARRATIVE OF AN EXPEDITION TO THE ZAMBESI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-1864.** By David and Charles Livingstone. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This new volume from Dr. Livingstone, giving the result of six years further explorations in Africa, needs scarcely a word of commendation to the readers' attention. In the words of the London Examiner, he is "by far the most pains-taking and precise of our African travellers. He looks and looks again at everything that comes in his way, and he spares no pains in turning aside to complete his knowledge, and fit himself to give a terse, vigorous, and truthful description of whatever is worth noticing at all. He has good eyes, and writes a skilful record, whatever the bias of his judgment." The amount of valuable information gained to commerce during this last expedition is very great, while the narrative of exploration, discovery and adventure, is as fascinating as a romance.

**HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT.** By THOS. Carlyle. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

Volume VI., now issued, completes this remarkable History of Frederick the Great. The author has shown extraordinary research, great patience in detail, and an acuteness of insight into characters rarely possessed. His style is not attractive, and his dogmatism too frequently offensive. This history, it seems to us, will rather take its place among the curiosities of literature than among works for general reading.

**LEIGHTON COURT.** A Country-House Story. By Henry Kingsley, author of "Ravenshoe," "The Bilyars and the Burtons," etc. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Mr. Henry Kingsley has established himself with the reading public as a skilful writer of fiction. We have not found time to peruse this new book from his pen, but doubt not that it will be found as good as those which have preceded it.

**ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.** By Annie M. Brewster. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

"Compensation," Miss Brewster's first book, took rank at once in our literature as a work of more than

common ability. "St. Martin's Summer" is more studied, more ambitious, and, perhaps, less interesting, so far as the story is concerned. The author loves art and music intensely; and this volume, on a slender thread of narrative, gives us many nicely discriminating musical and art criticisms. The scene is principally in Naples, which, with its churches, public buildings, people, and national customs, is pictured with a skilled hand. You often seem as if looking out upon the city from a window. The description of Vesuvius in eruption is very fine. We commend this book to all readers of taste; they will find in it much to enjoy.

**CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA.** A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London and Edinburgh: William & Robert Chambers.

We have Parts 102 and 103 of this valuable work, now nearly completed. Notwithstanding the great increase in the price of paper since its issue was commenced, the quality has been kept up to the original standard, and it continues to be as elegant in typography as at the beginning. It is a work exhibiting great care and accuracy in the compilation, and gives in the compactest space, as its title sets forth, a dictionary of universal knowledge. When completed, it will make a library in itself.

**LUCY ARLIN.** By J. T. Trowbridge, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," "Father Bright-hope," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

An author who has done so well in a certain line as Mr. Trowbridge, should not have risked his reputation in a book like this. How the same hand that gave us "Father Bright-hope," and "Neighbor Jackwood," could have written this, passes our comprehension. It is chiefly made up of the sayings and doings of a company of half crazy spiritualists; is unhealthy, stilted, and indelicate—a book that no good father would care to have his daughter read; one that no brother would place in the hands of his sister. We say this with reluctance, because Mr. Trowbridge, spite of his faults of style and taste, has given us heretofore books that we could heartily commend; and we would much rather praise than blame.

**WAR OF THE REBELLION; or, Scylla and Charybdis.** Consisting of Observations upon the Causes, Course, and Consequence, of the Late Civil War in the United States. By A. S. Foote. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We could not expect, nor do we find, in this book anything more than the opinions and observations of a keen, talented politician, of the slavery school, who was only not heart and soul in the late rebellion because he could not ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. His strictures on Davis and his cabinet are very severe. The confederate chief he regards as a victim "of dark and dangerous political heresies." He charges him with making incompetent appointments, both civil and military, and obstinately clinging to them. There were only two functionaries of his cabinet "whose official qualifications were respectable—the attorney-general, Mr. Watts, of Alabama, and the postmaster-general, Mr. Reagan, of Texas." Benjamin and Slidell are drawn in no very flattering colors. They are described as "lacking in integrity, and tarnished by schemes of notorious corruption, both in the State of Louisiana and in Wash-

ington City. Commissary-General Northrop is described as "coarse, overbearing and insulting," with "inordinate self-esteem and lamentable ignorance." "The heartless tyranny practiced by this monster of iniquity in all the States of the South, in connection with the system of forcible impressment established, has, I am persuaded, scarcely ever been equalled." Bragg and Hindman were, in his eyes, both untrustworthy and cruel, while Mr. Seddon, the war secretary, was both a cheat and a tyrant. The celebrated "Erlanger Loan" was a speculative project, adroitly set on foot for the benefit of Messrs. Slidell, Benjamin & Co." These and many other interesting features of the men and events, by one who was behind the scenes, will serve to throw light on the history of the rebellion.

**ESPERANCE.** By Meta Lander, author of "Light on the Dark River," "Marion Graham," etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This story has met with warm commendations from both the secular and religious press, as not only possessing much power, but as deeply imbued with the spirit of Christian charity. The dedication is so beautiful that we copy it:—"To our first-born, my sweet 'summer-child,' I dedicate this unpretending story. It will serve, in future years, to remind you of your sunny girlhood, when we talked over its characters and scenes; of the old 'ingle-side,' and the love that hallowed it."

**SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION.** By Anne Beale. Boston: Loring.

An English novel. The author has grouped together some very pleasant characters, and woven a story full of incident. It is not a sensational book, but the interest of the narrative never flags, and the lessons taught are good.

**MEMOIR OF JAMES L. PETTIGRU.** By William J. Grayson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an interesting biographical sketch of a leading jurist and public man of South Carolina, moving in the first circles of Charleston. At the beginning of active secession "he was faithful found among the faithless." The manuscript of this memoir was found among the papers of Mr. Grayson, written on scraps of old paper, indicating that the work was accomplished during the anxieties and privations of the siege of Charleston. The author did not live to revise or elaborate on his first hasty jottings. And as he left the work we have it now before us.

**QUINCY OR SOILING OF CATTLE.** By Hon. Josiah Quincy, with a Memoir of his Life, by Edmund Quincy. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth. New revised edition. \$1.25. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

A most valuable book on barn-yard manures, and of special interest to farmers.

**THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS.** By Edward Bulwer-Lytton. New York: Harper & Bro.

This is an attempt to give us what the old lost tales of Miletus might have been. Eight stories are produced in a kind of blank verse, which is as original in construction as the stories themselves. The versatile power of the author is finely illustrated in this volume. "Death and Sysiphus" is perhaps the finest of the imagined tales. We like, particularly, the one entitled, "The Wife of Miletus," which presents a fine instance of virtuous heroism and tragic justice worthy of the rude times in which the events occurred.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### The Road to the White Mountains.

If you have time and money, you can hardly spend both in a wiser and better way than by taking the *Boston and Maine Railroad* and visiting the White Mountains during the summer. The route winds through perpetual surprises and delights of landscape. As you ascend towards the hill region, the scenery changes its character, and in place of the beautiful combinations of lowland landscapes in green reaches of meadow and pasture and river views, you have the grand and solemn grouping of the hills.

The cars flash out from one marvellous view into another—you hold your breath for awhile beside the still beauty of Lake Winnipisogee, and at last leave this behind to enter the gates of the everlasting mountains.

The whole route is a perpetual feast for eyes and heart, while the road seems in all respects under admirable management, affording easy and rapid transit. If you have leisure and opportunity, try it for yourselves.

V. F. T.

**CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.**—We would particularly commend the establishment of M. Shoemaker & Co., Nos. 4 and 6 N. Eighth street, this city, to all who want boys', girls', infants' and misses' clothing. Persons at a distance, in ordering, can rely upon prompt attention and a faithful execution of their orders.

Our "Home Circle" has been almost crowded out this month, but we shall look to it, in future numbers, that its old place is kept in reserve.

We take the following from the letter of a lady in Western Pennsylvania, who sends us a list of subscribers for *Home Magazine*:—

"Although I never have sent to you before, yet I have been buying your magazine for five years. I prize it very highly, and feel that I cannot do without it. As a high toned periodical I consider it the best that is published. Since it was first welcomed at our fireside, sad changes have met me. Death has desolated our household and taken the husband and father, and in one of the cemeteries of our nation's capital we have laid him to rest. In my loneliness and desolation your magazine has come to me with its words of hope and comfort for bereaved hearts, and I have felt that they have lightened up my dark pathway, and I have closed the book with softened heart, and with stronger purposes and desires to act well my part in life and to try to live a purer, higher life, to do some good for time and eternity. Especially do the words from the pen of the author of 'Watching and Waiting' find a response in my heart, as I have no doubt they deeply touch thousands of sad hearts of your readers throughout our land.

"A piece in the October number of last year entitled 'Death and Life,' I have read again and again through blinding tears, and each time felt strengthened and comforted. That one piece alone is worth far more than the price of the book for a year.

**CANARY BIRDS.**—A correspondent writes, "Will some of your readers favor us with a few lessons on the care and raising of Canary birds?"

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An old subscriber in Texas, after renewing her acquaintance with the "*Home Magazine*," writes us:—

"We all welcome the magazine joyfully, for you, who have access to reading matter, cannot imagine how we appreciate the luxury of something to read after our four years of deprivation. If you have seen any of the papers published in this region during the war, I think you will not be surprised that we preferred to read our old magazines, until we were as familiar with them as with the alphabet, rather than read those uninteresting sheets."

**MENTAL HYGIENE IN CHOLERA.**—A London correspondent, discoursing on the prospects of the cholera, tells the following anecdote of Thomas Carlyle:—

"When the cholera was raging at Dumfries, Scotland, a little over thirty years ago, to such an extent that every third person was seized, Mr. Carlyle, who was residing near by at Craginputtock, called his domestics together and addressed them as follows: 'It is indisputable that the cholera is raging near us. It turns people blue and kills them. It may come out here and kill us. It is a comfort to know that the worst it can do with us is to kill us. All we have to do is to go on, each of us doing his or her proper work, and avoiding those things which are conducive to cholera—chief of which is the fear of it. Therefore, if my authority passes for anything, the word cholera will not be mentioned in this household.' All were made stronger by these words, and the cholera passed by them."

**DISINFECTION AND DEODORIZATION.**—Dr. Herbert Baker, the successful competitor for the Hastings Prize Essay, for 1866, was led by a series of observations and experiments on this subject to the following conclusions:—

1. For the sick room, free ventilation, when it can be secured, together with an even temperature, is all that can be required.
2. For rapid deodorization and disinfection, chlorine is the most effective known.
3. For steady and continuous effect, ozone is the best agent known.
4. In the absence of ozone, iodine, exposed in the solid form to the air, is the best.
5. For the deodorization and disinfection of fluid and semi-fluid substances, undergoing decomposition, iodine is best.
6. For the deodorization and disinfection of solid bodies that cannot be destroyed, a mixture of powdered chloride of zinc, or powdered sulphate of zinc with saw-dust, is best. After this a mixture of carbolic acid and saw-dust ranks next in order, and following on that, wood-ashes.
7. For the deodorization and disinfection of infected articles of clothing, &c., exposure to heat at 212 deg. Fahr. is the only true method.
8. For the deodorization and disinfection of substances that may be destroyed, heat to destruction is the true method.

Dealers in photographs will find it to their interest to send for the catalogue of the "Philadelphia Photograph Co.," 730 Chestnut street. See their advertisement.

## THE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

To understand the value of the Sewing Machine, and the happy changes which it has effected in the social and family relations, one must be familiar with the quiet households scattered throughout the East and West, the North and South, of this great and thriving country.

Everywhere in the interior, domestic assistance of any kind is so difficult to be obtained, that it is scarcely looked for, and every good housewife relies upon her own exertions, not only to keep her house in order, her larder well supplied with the essential luxuries of home-made bread, cake, and pies, but her own, the children's, and frequently her husband's wardrobe furnished with all the useful, if not the ornamental, articles of dress.

This necessity provided an immense amount of work for one pair of hands to perform—the female head of the house, the hard-tasked wife and mother, found not a moment for relaxation. The drudgery of the kitchen was succeeded by that of the work-basket, whose pile of shirts and small garments seemed never to decrease. Not a moment of time could be afforded for the gratification of any simple fancy, even in ornamental needlework, all, to the last moment, and far into Saturday night, was exhausted in the necessities of the plainest work upon little aprons, frocks and drawers, and the inevitable weekly collection of family mending.

In a large number of these households the case is now widely different; the Sewing Machine, generally the GROVER & BAKER, occupies an honored place in the family sitting-room, and accomplishes more and better than the most skilful seamstress. It is in a sense, which only those can appreciate who have known what it is to sew all the household garments by hand, the family friend. It is looked upon with eyes of real affection.

The interior of a country house, at this season of the year, is as pleasant as can be imagined; and it is made so, in a great degree, by the presence of the Sewing Machine. An hour's work in the afternoon, upon a bright, rapid, wonder-working GROVER & BAKER, will accomplish more than could be done by a weary hand-working almost into midnight. It will not only finish the dozen shirts in "less than no time," but it will tuck drawers and chemises, ruffle nightgowns, stitch trowsers, quilt linings and coverlets, and all this, and much more, with such strength, beauty, and precision, as would throw the neatest hand-work into the shade.

A Sewing Machine needs only to be purchased once in a lifetime, it is therefore of the greatest importance to get the best; the one which, all

things considered, is most perfectly adapted to meet the requirements.

This, we sincerely believe, and the opinion is corroborated by the highest authorities in the community, is the GROVER & BAKER Machine, making the celebrated "GROVER & BAKER" stitch, the only stitch as far as we know, sufficiently elastic to be adapted to all kinds of family sewing.

The peculiar qualities of the GROVER & BAKER Machine, are strength, beauty, elasticity, and versatility, or adaptation to any kind of work. It compasses the whole range of family sewing completely, and without any of the vexatious delays in rewinding, fastening, and finishing, which are common to other machines, and which occupy so much time, and waste so much material. It makes a beautiful, smooth, elastic seam upon cloth or cambric, which gives when it is washed or stretched without breaking, and in which every stitch is so firmly locked that the seam can be cut off between every half-dozen stitches without impairing its strength.

Testimonial letters, from ladies and housekeepers all over the country, speak unitedly of the beauty and superior elasticity of stitch. One lady says, it is the only machine that can "quilt;" another, that it is the only one "fit for boys' trowsers;" and a third, that she is particularly delighted with the way in which it makes "woollen drawers and flannel garments."

The GROVER & BAKER stitch is the only one that can be properly used upon bias seams, and is therefore adapted to an immense variety of garments containing such seams, and also seams which are subjected to much stretching and wear. In addition to the fact that no rewinding and no fastening is required, a great deal of time, and temper too, is saved to the operator, by the simplicity, regularity, and ease of the various movements, the adjustment without change of tension to different kinds of work, and the method by which it is thrown from the machine, without delay or embarrassment, and also in such way as to enable the operator to maintain a pleasant and graceful position.

For dress-makers, the GROVER & BAKER is the only suitable machine; it is the only one that will accomplish satisfactorily, and with an immense saving of time, all the plain sewing, stitching, and quilting which they have to accomplish.

For the heads of families it is equally valuable. *It will do everything.* It is simple, reliable, perfect in its operation, easy to be understood, not easy to get out of order, and gives such thorough satisfaction as to leave no room for complaint.—

N. Y. S. Times.



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